









# METROPOLITAN RECORD.

VOL. I.--NO. 31.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1859.

Price, Six Cents.

## Little Children.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Sporting through the forest wide;  
Playing by the water side;  
Wandering o'er the heathen fells;  
Down within the woodland dells;  
All among the mountains wild;  
Dwelleth many a little child!  
In the baron's hall of pride;  
By the poor man's dull fire-side;  
'Mid the mighty, 'mid the mean;  
Little children may be seen!  
Like the flowers that spring up fair,  
Bright and countless everywhere!

In the fair isles of the main;  
In the desert's lone domain;  
In the savage mountain glen;  
Among the tribes of swarthy men;  
Where'er a foot hath gone;  
Where'er the sun hath shone  
On a league of peopled ground;  
Little children may be found!

Blessings on them. They, in me,  
Move a kindly sympathy!  
With their wishes, hopes, and fears;  
With their laughter and their tears;  
With their wonder so intense!  
And their small experience!

Little children, not alone  
On the wide earth are ye known;  
'Mid its labors and its cares;  
'Mid its sufferings and its snares.  
Free from sorrow, free from strife,  
In the world of love and life,  
Where no sinful thing hath trod  
In the presence of our God!  
Spotless, blameless, glorified,  
Little children, ye abide!

## THE TWO CAPTAINS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FOUQUE.

### CHAPTER III.

The voyagers had for some time to contend with contrary winds; and when, at last, the coast of Barbary became visible, the evening closed so deeply over the sea that no pilot in the little squadron would venture nearer land, and they anchored in the calm sea. They crossed themselves and anxiously waited for the morning; while the soldiers, full of hope and anticipation of honor, assembled in groups upon the decks, straining their eyes to see the long-desired scene of their glory.

Meanwhile the heavy firing of besiegers and besieged thundered unceasingly from the fortress of Goletta, and as the heavy clouds of night thickened over the shore, the flames of the burning houses in the city became more visible, and the course of the fiery shots could be distinctly traced as they crossed each other in their path of frightful devastation. It was evident that the Musselmans had sallied forth, for a sharp fire of musketry was suddenly heard amid the roaring of the cannon. The fight now approached the trenches of the Christians, and from the ships they could hardly see whether the besiegers were in danger or not. At last they perceived that the Turks were driven back into the fortress; thither the Christian host pursued them, and loud shouts of victory were heard from the Spanish camp. Goletta was taken!

Heimbert and Frederigo stood near one another. "I know not," said the latter, "what it is which tells me that to-morrow I must plant my standard upon yonder height which is so brightly lighted up by the burning brands in Goletta."

"That is just my feeling," said Heimbert. Then the two captains were silent and turned angrily away.

The wished-for morning at last arose, the ships neared the shore and the troops landed, while an officer was immediately despatched to apprise the mighty General Alva of the arrival of this re-enforcement. The soldiers hastily ranged themselves on the beach and were soon in battle order, to await the inspection of their great leader. Clouds of dust appeared in the grey twilight,

and the officer, hastening back, announced the approach of the general. And because, in the language of Castile, *Alba* signifies "morning," the Spaniards raised a shout of triumph at the happy omen they perceived in the first beams of the rising sun and the head of the general's staff becoming visible together.

Alva's stern, pale face soon appeared; he was mounted upon a large Andalusian charger of the deepest black, and galloped up and down the lines once; then, halting in the middle, looked over the ranks with a scrutinizing eye, and said, with evident satisfaction, "You pass muster well; 'tis as it should be. I like to see you in such order, and can perceive that, notwithstanding your youth, you are tried soldiers. We will first hold a review, and then I will lead you to something more interesting."

He dismounted and, walking to the right wing, began to inspect one troop after another in the closest manner, summoning each captain to his side and exacting from him an account of the most minute particulars. Sometimes a cannon-ball from the fortress whistled over the heads of the soldiers, and then Alva would stand still and closely observe their countenances. When he saw that no eye moved, a contented smile spread itself over his solemn face.

When he had thus examined both divisions, he remounted his horse and again placed himself in the middle. Stroking his long beard, he said: "You are in such good order, soldiers, that you shall take your part in the glorious day which now dawns for our Christian Armada. We will take Barbarossa! Do you hear the drums and fifes in the camp, and see him sail forth to meet the emperor? Yonder is the place for you!"

"Vivat Carolus Quintus!" resounded through the ranks. Alva beckoned the captains to him and appointed to each his duty. He was used to mingle the German and Spanish troops together, that emulation might increase their courage; and on the present occasion it happened that Heimbert and Frederigo were commanded to storm the height which, now illuminated by the beams of morning, they recognized as the very same that had appeared so inviting the night before.

The cannons roared and the trumpets sounded, the colors waved proudly in the breeze, and the leaders gave the word "March!" when the troops rushed on all sides to the battle.

Thrice had Frederigo and Heimbert almost forced their way through a breach in the wall of the fortification on the height, and thrice were they repulsed by the fierce resistance of the Turks into the valley below. The Musselmans shouted after the retreating foe, clashed their weapons furiously together and, contemptuously laughing, asked whether any one would again venture to give heart and brain to the scimitar, and his body to the rolling stones. The two captains, gnashing their teeth with fury, rearranged their ranks, in order to fill the places of the slain and mortally wounded in these three fruitless attacks. Meanwhile a murmur ran through the Christian host that a witch fought for the enemy and helped them to conquer.

At this moment Duke Alva rode up to them; he looked sharply at the breach they had made. "Could you not break through the foe *here*?" said he, shaking his head. "This surprises me, for from you two youths and your troops I expected better things."

"Do you hear, do you hear *that*?" cried the captains, pacing through their lines.

The soldiers shouted loudly and demanded to be led once more against the enemy. Even those mortally wounded exerted

their last breath to cry, "Forward comrades!"

Swift as an arrow had the great Alva leaped from his horse, and, seizing a partisan from the stiff hand of one of the slain, he placed himself before them and cried, "I will have part in your glory! In the name of God and of the Blessed Virgin, forward, my children!"

They rushed joyfully up the hill, all hearts reanimated, and raising their war-cry to heaven, while a few already cried, "Victoria! Victoria!" the Musselmans seemed to give way. Then, like the vision of an avenging angel, a maiden, dressed in richly embroidered garments of purple and gold, appeared in the Turkish ranks, and those who were terrified before now shouted, "Allah!" and accompanied that name with "Zelinda, Zelinda!" The maiden drew a small box from beneath her arm, and after opening and breathing into it, threw it among the Christian army. A wild explosion from this destructive engine scattered through the host a whole fire of rockets, grenades and other fearful messengers of death. The astounded troops held on through the storm. "On, on!" cried Alva; and "On!" echoed the two captains. But at that moment a flaming bolt fastened on the duke's high-plumed cap, and burned and crackled about his head, so that the general fell fainting down the height. Then the Spanish and German troops were generally routed, and fled hurriedly from the fearful height before the storm. The Musselmans again shouted, and Zelinda's beauty shone over the conquering host like a baleful star.

When Alva opened his eyes, he saw Heimbert standing over him, his hands, face and arms scorched by the fire he had with much difficulty extinguished on his commander's head, when a second body of flame rolled down the height in the same manner. The duke was thanking the youth for his preservation, when some soldiers came by, who told him the Saracen power had commenced an attack on the opposite wing of the army. Alva threw himself on the first horse they brought him, and without losing a word, dashed to the place where the threatened danger called him.

Frederigo's glowing eye was fixed on the rampart where the brilliant lady stood, with her snow-white arm extended, in the act of hurling a two-edged spear; sometimes encouraging the Musselmans in Arabic, then again speaking scornfully to the Christians in Spanish. Don Frederigo exclaimed, "Oh, foolish lady! she thinks to daunt me, and yet places herself before me—so tempting, so irresistible a war-prize!"

And as if magic wings had grown from his shoulders, he began to fly up the height with such swiftness that Alva's storm-flight from thence appeared a lazy snail's pace. Before any one could see how he had gained the height, and wrested spear and shield from the lady, he seized her in his arms and attempted to bear her away as his prize, while Zelinda clung with both hands to the palisade in anxious despair. Her cries for help were unavailing; partly because the Turks were stupefied with astonishment to see the magic power of the lady overcome by the almost magic deed of the youth, and partly because the faithful Heimbert, immediately on perceiving his companion's enterprise, had led both troops to his support, and now stood by his side, fighting hand to hand with the besieged. This time the fury of the Musselmans, overcome as they were by surprise and superstition, availed nothing against the prowess of the Christian soldiers.

The Spaniards and Germans broke through the enemy, assisted by fresh squadrons of their army. The Mohamed-

ans fled with frightful howling; and the banner of the holy German empire, and that of the imperial house of Castile, united by joyful Victorias, waved over the glorious battle-field, before the walls of Tunis.

### CHAPTER IV.

Zelinda had escaped from Frederigo's arms in the confusion of the conquerors and conquered, and flew so swiftly through the well-known ground, that though love and desire added wings to his feet, she was soon out of sight. This kindled the fury of the enchanted Spaniard so much the more against the infidel foe. Wherever they collected their scattered force to withstand the progress of the Christians, he hastened with his troops, which ranged themselves around him as about a victorious banner; while Heimbert was ever at his side like a faithful shield, often warding off from his friend dangers which were unperceived by the infatuated youth.

They learnt that Barbarossa had fled the day before, and pushed onwards with little opposition through the gates of Tunis.

Frederigo's and Heimbert's troops were always together.

Thick clouds of smoke began to roll through the streets, and the soldiers had frequently to shake off the sparks and burning fragments which fell upon their coats and richly-plumed helmets.

"Suppose the enemy has set fire to the powder-magazine in despair!" exclaimed the thoughtful Heimbert. And Frederigo, to whom a word or a sign was sufficient, hastened to the spot from whence the smoke proceeded. Their troops pressed closely after them.

A sudden turn in the street brought them upon a magnificent palace, out of whose beautifully ornamented windows the flames were already bursting. Their fitful splendor seemed to make them like death-torches, prepared to do honor to the costly building in the hour of its ruin, as they illuminated first one part and then another of the massy edifice, and then sunk down again into fearful darkness of smoke and vapor.

And like a faultless statue, the crowning glory of the whole, Zelinda stood upon a giddy projection, wreathed around with gleaming tongues of flame, calling upon the faithful to assist her in securing from destruction the wisdom of many centuries, which was laid up in this building. The pinnacle tottered with the effects of the fire beneath, and a few stones gave way. Zelinda disappeared within the burning palace, and Frederigo rushed up the marble steps; Heimbert, his ever faithful friend, immediately following.

Their swift feet led them into a vast saloon, where they saw high arches over their head, and a labyrinth of chambers opening one into another around them. The walls were all ranged with splendid shelves, in which were stored rolls of parchment, papyrus, and palm-leaf, inscribed with the long-forgotten characters of past ages, which had now reached the end of their designs; for the flames were creeping in destruction among them, and stretched their serpent-like heads from one repository of learning to another; while the Spanish soldiers, who had hoped for plunder, were enraged at finding this mighty building filled only with these parchments, and the more so, because they discerned in them nothing but what appeared to them magical characters.

Frederigo flew, as in a dream, through the strange halls, now half consumed, ever calling Zelinda, not thinking or caring for anything but his enchanting beauty. Long did Heimbert remain at his side, till they reached a cedar stair-case which led to a



higher story, where Frederigo listened a moment, and then said: "She is speaking there aloud! she needs my help!" and sprang up the glowing steps. Heimbert hesitated an instant, for he saw then giving way, and thought to warn his companion; but at that moment they broke down, and left nothing but a fiery path. Still he could see that Frederigo had clung to an iron grating, over which he soon swung himself. The way was inaccessible to Heimbert; quickly recollecting himself, he lost no time in idly gazing, but hastily sought another flight of stairs in the neighboring halls, which would conduct him to his friend.

Meanwhile Frederigo, following the enchanting voice, had reached a gallery in the middle of which was a fearful abyss of flames, while the pillars on each side were yet standing. He soon perceived the lovely figure of Zelinda, who clung to a pillar with one hand, while with the other she threatened some Spanish soldiers, who seemed every moment about to seize her, and already had her delicate foot advanced to the edge of the glowing gulf. It was impossible for Frederigo to join her, for the breadth of the separating flames was far too great to spring across. Trembling lest his voice should make the maiden, through either terror or anger, precipitate herself into the abyss, he spoke quite softly over the fiery grave: "Ah, Zelinda, have no such frightful thoughts; your preserver is here!" The maiden bowed her queenly head. And when Frederigo saw her so calm and composed, he cried with all the thunder of a warrior's voice, "Back! you rash plunderers! whoever advances one step nearer to that lady shall feel the weight of my anger!" They started, and appeared willing to retire, till one among them cried, "The knight can do us no harm—the gulf is a little too broad for that; and as for the lady's throwing herself in, it is evident that the young knight is her lover, and whoever has a lover is not so inclined to throw herself away." At this they laughed, and again advanced. Zelinda neared the flaming edge, but Frederigo, with the fury of a lion, had torn his target from his arm, and now flung it across with so sure an aim, that the rash leader fell senseless to the ground. The rest again stood still. "Away with you!" cried Frederigo, authoritatively, "or my dagger shall strike the next as surely; nor will I ever rest until I have found you out and made you feel the force of my vengeance!" The dagger gleamed in the youth's hand, and yet more fearfully gleamed the rage in his eyes. The soldiers fled. Then Zelinda bowed contemptuously to her preserver, and taking a roll of palm-leaves which lay at her feet, she hastily disappeared at a side-door of the gallery. In vain did Frederigo seek her in the burning palace.

The great Alva held a council with his officers in an open place in the midst of the conquered city, and, by means of an interpreter, questioned the Moorish prisoners what had become of the beautiful enchantress who had been seen encouraging them on the walls, and who, he said, was the most lovely sorceress the world ever saw. Nothing could be gained from the answers, for though all knew her to be a noble lady well versed in magic lore, none seemed able to tell from whence she had entered Tunis, or whither she had now fled. At last, when they had begun to think their ignorance was the pretence of obstinacy, an old dervish, who had been hitherto unnoticed, pressed forward and said, with a scornful smile, "Whoever wishes to seek the lady, the way is open for him. I will not conceal what I know of her destination, and I do know something. Only you must first promise me I shall not be compelled to guide any one to her, or my lips shall remain closed forever; and you may do what you will with me." He looked like one who would keep his word, and Alva, who was pleased with the man's resolute spirit, (so akin to his own,) gave him the desired assurance. The dervish began his relation.

He was once, he said, wandering in the

endless desert of Sahara—perhaps from empty curiosity, and perhaps for a better reason. He lost his way, and at last, when wearied to death, he reached one of those fruit-bearing islands which they call an oasis. Now followed a description of the things he saw there, clothed in all the warmth of Oriental imagery, so that the hearts of his hearers sometimes melted within them, and sometimes their hair stood on end at the horrors he related; though, from the strange pronunciation of the speaker, and from his hurried way of speaking, they could hardly understand half he said. The end of all was, that Zelinda dwelt upon this blooming island, surrounded on all sides by the pathless desert, and protected by magic terrors. On her way thither, as the old dervish very well knew, she had left the city half an hour before. The contemptuous words with which he closed his speech showed plainly that he desired nothing more than that some Christian would undertake the journey, which would inevitably lead him to destruction. At the same time he solemnly affirmed that he uttered nothing but undoubted truth, as a man would do who knows that things are just as he related them. Thoughtful and astonished were the circle of officers around him.

Heimbert had just joined the party after seeking his friend in the burning palace, and collecting and arranging their troops in such a manner as to prevent the possibility of any surprise from the robber hordes. He now advanced before Alva, and humbly bowed.

"What wilt thou, my young hero?" said Alva, greeting the young captain in the most friendly manner. "I know your smiling, blooming countenance well. The last time I saw you, you stood like a protecting angel over me. I am so sure that you can make no request but what is knightly and honorable, that I grant it, whatever it may be."

"My gracious General," said Heimbert, whose cheeks glowed at this praise, "if I may venture to ask a favor, it is that you will give me permission to follow the lady Zelinda in the way this strange dervish has pointed out."

The great general bowed assentingly, and added: "To a more noble knight could not this honorable adventure be assigned."

"I do not know that," said an angry voice in the crowd; "but this I do know, that to me, above all other men, this adventure belongs, as a reward for the capture of Tunis. For who was the first on the height and in the city?"

"That was Don Frederigo Mendez," said Heimbert, taking the speaker by the hand, and leading him before Alva. "In his favor I will willingly resign my reward, for he has done the Emperor and the army better service than I have."

"Neither of you shall lose his reward," said Alva. "Each has now permission to seek the maiden in whatever way he thinks best."

Swift as lightning the two young captains escaped from the circle on opposite sides.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SERPENTS.—As regards the serpent tribes, the very name is a prothetion to its owner. The strongest man, when unarmed, quails in the presence of a rattlesnake; and many of the inferior animals are so petrified with terror at the sight of it, as to fall unresisting between its jaws, even when at a sufficient distance for escape; they are paralysed by the presence of their tremendous foe, and deprived of all their faculties in a manner which appears wholly supernatural. The security of some serpents lies in their strength, which is truly prodigious; others possess almost a sovereign sway in virtue of their poison daggers; whilst others again, without possessing either of these faculties, appear to live in security on the character acquired for the tribe by the few. The terror with which large animals regard the class as a whole, is a protection equally to all. The boa-constrictor can suffocate almost the largest

quadrupeds by entwining itself round them. Twisted round a tree, the boa awaits in ambush the arrival of its fated victim, which it immediately envelopes in its tortuous folds and strangles in its murderous embrace. The serpent met by Attilius Regulus between Carthage and Utica was of this kind. It strangled the soldiers in its folds and stifled them with its breath and slime. No darts could pierce its scales, which were as brilliant as brass. Its back was finally broken by an immense fragment of rock discharged against it, but still, it remained formidable to the army, whose cohorts, even then, had some difficulty in despatching it. Its skin when sent to Rome was found to measure 120 feet in length. The fabled victory of the infant Hercules in his cradle over one serpent, and the strangulation to death by another of Læocoon and his sons, serve as historical evidence of the great and ancient repute of these creatures for powerful muscular strength. The poison apparatus of venom-serpents is a perfectly efficacious weapon. It consists of a gland on each side of the head, from which the poison is being continually distilled so as to be always brimful and ready for execution, and a long dagger-like tooth, with a canal running through its centre from root to point, for the reception and conveyance of the poison to the bottom of the wound inflicted by it. The fangs ordinarily lie concealed in the mouth, and are only raised for hostile purposes; and, then, such is the excellence of the construction of the whole apparatus, that the very muscle which raises the weapon and plunges it into the victim, becomes the agent by which, at the same instant, the poison is propelled from the gland into the wound. The canal of the tooth opens towards the point obliquely, like the cut of a pen—a disposition which secures both a permanent sharp point to the fang and a patulous orifice for the transmission of the poison; and that the animal shall not be deprived by age or accident of this, its only defence, it is furnished with a complete armory of such teeth, from whence any such losses may be at once supplied. The death of Cleopatra by means of an adder, brought to her by her own directions concealed in fruit and flowers, has rendered ever memorable the venom of this reptile. The exact species employed by her still remains undetermined; for the effects described by historians as having been produced in her case are not such as are observed to follow the bites of any species known at the present day. Agony and fever usually precede the death arising from such a cause; but, if we credit the poet, Cleopatra experienced, or at least expected to experience, by the asp's poison, a more easy escape out of this world.

TRAPPING A TIGER.—A still more ingenious mode of tiger-killing is that which is employed by the natives of Oude. They gather a number of the broad leaves of the praus tree, which much resembles the sycamore, and having well besmeared them with a kind of bird-lime, they strew them in the animal's way, taking care to lay them with the prepared side upmost. Let a tiger but put his paw on one of those innocent-looking leaves, and his fate is settled. Finding the leaf stick to his paw, he shakes it, in order to rid himself of the nuisance, and finding that plan unsuccessful, he endeavors to attain his object by rubbing it against his face, thereby smearing the ropy bird-lime over his nose and eyes, and gluing the eyelids together. By this time he has probably trodden upon several more of the treacherous leaves, and is bewildered with the novel inconvenience; then he rolls on the ground, and rubs his head and face to the earth in his effort to get free. By so doing, he only adds fresh birdlime to his head, body, and limbs, agglutinates his sleek fur together in unsightly tufts, and finishes by hoodwinking himself so thoroughly with leaves and birdlime that he lies floundering on the ground, tearing up the earth with his claws, uttering howls of rage and dismay, and ex-

hausted by the impotent struggles in which he has been so long engaged. These cries are a signal to the authors of his misery, who run to the spot, armed with guns, bows, and spears, and find no difficulty in despatching their blind and wearied foe.

CURIOS ELECTRICAL PHENOMENA.—From the watering place we first proceeded to a desolate plateau, covered with grey bushes and scanty grass, where we saw large herds of antelopes. In a few hours we reached a level tract, upon the bare clay soil of which grew, here and there, an *Opuntia arborescens*. In the distance rose the Limpia Mountains, to which our road lay. At their foot we observed some columns of smoke—Indian signals, as we ascertained some days later. During the journey the sky was overcast with dark clouds, which, with a sultry air, seemed to indicate the approach of a thunderstorm. Some large drops of rain fell; a violent gale filled the air with such clouds of dust that we were almost stifled, and our caravan was quite darkened. Later, when night came on, our clothes and the harness emitted electric sparks when stirred; every lash of the whip on the animals' backs was a small streak of fire. I have often witnessed similar electrical phenomena in the interior of North America, and have before spoken of them, but have never seen them exhibited in so striking a manner as on this day on the plain of the eastern foot of the Limpia Mountains. Sparks from my fingers were at times quite perceptible when I touched any part of my clothes. I may here observe that, coinciding with these electrical phenomena, I repeatedly felt a sudden rheumatic affection, which all at once paralysed, temporarily, my left leg, and gave me a violent headache. The former attack, happily, never lasted above one or two hours.

ROBBERY BY A BIRD.—A respectable sheep-farmer near Fort Augusta, Scotland, relates the following remarkable incident:—After a walk over his farm, at the beginning of the year's lambing season, and on a very warm morning, he had fallen asleep on a high hill. On awaking he found that his broad blue bonnet and yellow silk handkerchief, which he had placed beside him, were both missing. He at first suspected that they had been taken away in sport by some person on the farm; but on inquiry, every individual on the farm and in the neighborhood, who could possibly have approached the spot, denied all knowledge of the missing articles. Some weeks thereafter, our correspondent and a party ascended a very steep and dangerous rock on the farm to destroy the nest of a glee. Great was his amazement when the first article taken out of the nest was the missing yellow silk handkerchief; then the broad blue bonnet, with three eggs most comfortably encoined in it; next appeared an old tartan waistcoat, with tobacco in one pocket, and Orr's Almanac of 1859 in the other (the almanac having the words, barely legible, "J. Frazer" written upon it); then came a flannel nightcap, marked with red worsted, "D. C. J."; a pair of old white mittens; a piece of a letter with green wax and the Inverness post-mark; an old red and white cravat, and a miscellaneous assortment of remnants of cotton, paper, rope, &c. This bird must have been carrying on its larcenies on a large scale. The affair rivals the maid and the magpie of dramatic celebrity, and may be taken by Sir Malachi Malgrowther as a link in the chain of evidence to prove the increase of crime in the Highlands, "consequent on the passing of the Reform Act." We may guard against the depredators on foot, but how are we to protect ourselves against those on wing? We commit this delinquent and his species to the vigilant surveillance of the proposed new police constabulary force.

RULES OF HEALTH.—The celebrated physician Boerhaave, declared, sometime before his death, that he had in his library a book which contained the most important secrets of medicine. When his library was examined, there was a book bound magnificently bound; it consisted of blank paper, with the exception of these words written on the first leaf:—"Keep your head cool, and your feet warm, and your bowels open, and you may laugh at physicians."



## Evening Hymn to the Virgin.

WRITTEN FOR THE METROPOLITAN RECORD.

The restless day is come and gone,  
Oh Mother! dear and sweet,  
And I, thy daughter, come again,  
Rejoicing, to thy feet.  
Rejoicing, as the bird flies home  
At evening to its nest—  
For all the sunshine on its wing,  
It languished for its rest.

Our Mother! how that tender name  
Hath soothed in hours of pain!  
And when the festal tide of joy  
In music swelled again,  
Hath it not been the fragrance there—  
The sweetness in our cup—  
And filled the measure of our joy  
That to our lips rose up?

And ne'er may life bring us a bliss  
Shall win our souls from thee,  
Or bring the eve we shall not come,  
Rejoicing, to thy knee.  
The fairest rose soon fades and dies  
With which we crown our hair;  
Full soon its crushed and faded leaves  
Fall round our footsteps there.

And still, the God-created soul  
Of all earth's joys will tire;  
Still, far above its highest peaks  
Its soaring wings aspire.  
But fair, beneath God's guiding love,  
Is every pathway sweet,  
And break from our life's beaten ways  
The flowers beneath our feet.

And o'er the rough, uneven wave,  
Sweet Mother, thou the star,  
Doth light our toss'd and fragile bark  
In beauty from afar.  
Thus we commit us to thy care,  
Amid the fading day,  
And safe through all the winds of night  
Our pinnae floats away.

ENCL.

## A WHALE-CHASE IN AUSTRALIA.

The South Australian Record gives the following description of a whale-chase from the journal of a gentleman recently returned from South Australia. The characters are Fell and Frank, two whalers at Encounter Bay; Solomon Sanguine (fictitious name), the guest of Fell and Frank, and, though a novice, a devoted sportsman, and Bob and Dick, two natives:

"In the midst of breakfast Bob entered, yawning out, 'There she clouts (spouts)! here she clouts!' Fell started up and told his guest that it was a whale, and that he would have an opportunity of gratifying his longing desire. The boat was instantly manned, and Mr. Sanguine, by Fell's instructions, took the midship oar, one of the men being left out, as such boats are only fitted to contain the crew and no more. The whale was close in shore, and a few strokes brought them alongside. Mr. Sanguine laid out lustily at his oar, and was excited to the highest pitch, but ever and anon kept peeping over his shoulder for a sight of the object of pursuit, whose spoutings he could only hear. 'Come, come, Mr. Sanguine,' says Fell, 'a good whaler minds only his oar, trusting to the headman for the rest; but never mind. Stand up, Frank!' Frank was instantly on his feet, and the whale rose under the bows of the boat. 'Give it her, my lad,' says Fell; and in a moment the iron was buried in her side. 'Peak your oar, Mr. Sanguine,' said Fell. Although the former did not understand the phrase, he was sharp enough to do as the rest did, and that correctly. The line was by this time flying out and the fish sounding; in a trice she commenced running, and a turn being taken with the line round the lugger-head, the boat was soon skimming the water with great velocity. Solomon, rubbing his hands, hitching his shoulders, and seeming ready to jump overboard, in the height of ecstasy exclaimed, 'This is glorious! Talk of the Manchester and Birmingham railways! they are nothing.' But here his speech was interrupted, and his frenzy cooled when he cast his eyes at each side of the boat and observed the water rising high above the gunwales. It may be necessary here to state that it is only the rapidity of the motion that prevents the water from rushing in and filling the boat on these occasions. Solomon had no time to philosophize; but seeing the water several

inches above the gunwale of the boat, he did not know how soon it might be as many feet; so he inhaled a prodigious quantity of air and invoked the whole host of Neptune to aid him in his journey to the shore, as he was no great hand at swimming. His fears were for the present groundless; the whale began to rise, and his attention was now engaged by the rowers hauling in the line, with their faces turned inward. Solomon did as he saw the rest doing, and his gigantic strength was perceptible enough on the boat, for, by the time that the whale reached the surface, the bowman had hold of the harpoon shaft. The headman, Fell, from his proximity, was enabled to have 'a set on' the fish with the lance, which had such an effect that it sickened and sounded, so that they were obliged to slack line again.

"The calf which belonged to this female, in the hurry and fright having lost its mother, mistook the boat for her, as often happens, and, coming alongside, rubbed the boat with its noddle, and endeavored to clasp it with its fins, to the great detriment of the boat's equilibrium. Solomon, not much liking this visitor, called out to Fell, 'The little creature is more plaguey than its mother; for any sake give it a poke and sent it adrift, or it will turn us topsy-turvy.' Fell only laughed, but, to ease him of his terrors, struck it gently on the head and down it went. There spite was but short, for the mother, which rose head first close alongside the boat, almost touched Solomon, who viewed it with a mixture of astonishment and awe, as, like a huge black rock covered with barnacles, it emerged from the deep. His taste for the marvellous was further gratified by her carrying her sick cub on her fin. His feelings were fast rising to a climax, when the whale spouted blood to a terrific height, the gurgling sound of which drew Solomon's attention that way; but he only turned his head in time to discern the falling column, which descended with great violence on his unfortunate pate, half choking him and half filling the boat. 'Sampson slaying the Philistines, or Whitechapel on a Friday are mere shakings to this!' shouted Mr. Sanguine. But, alas! his troubles were only beginning; for the irritated creature, passing under the boat, with one blow of its enormous tail sent the boat into the air and the crew into the water. For a moment every one was immersed; but when Fell rose to the surface he beheld Solomon, who had alighted on the whale's back, lying at full length there, puffing, striking out and struggling, with all the appearance of a drowning man contending strongly for life. 'Keep up a good heart, my boy,' cried Fell, to whom such scenes were every-day work, 'and make for the bottom of the boat!' Solomon, who, from the first, seemed recalled to a state of consciousness by Fell's friendly voice, looked wildly round and replied: 'That's all very good, but a swimmer of my capabilities had better remain where he is.' Fell, pushing a pair of oars before him, towards Solomon, answered, 'Yes, yes, but your foundation is about as unstable as the house that was built on sand.' 'By Jupiter, that's true,' said Solomon, 'so here's for it;' and casting himself from the whale, with one or two ungainly strokes, seized the blade of an oar, and was thus towed to the boat, on the keel of which he mounted, and shook his fiery locks much after the fashion of a Newfoundland dog. His first inquiry was if they were all safe, and being answered in the affirmative, asked for a quid of tobacco, as he observed all his companions busy chewing, and which he considered must be necessary under such circumstances.

"A relief boat, manned with black fellows (Bob Headsman and Dick Steersman), came up, and Fell and his crew jumping into it, left the black fellows, who were only in their element, to right the boat, while they followed after the whale, which had gone but a short distance, and having picked up the line, soon terminated its existence. Solomon, in the height of his excitement,

strongly besought Fell to kill the calf also, as he considered that it had been the cause of all their troubles. But on Fell saying that nature's laws hardly allowed us wantonly to destroy that which was of no utility to us, and might hereafter be of great benefit, he at once coincided with him, and asked how he behaved under the trying circumstances. Fell briefly replied, 'Like a man,' which seemed to soothe the last billow of his wrath.

"The whale was towed home, and the newly elected member ceased not for a moment on the way to expatiate with rapturous enthusiasm on the splendid sport of the day, at the same time venting his spleen on the pap-eaters at home, and picturing the benefit they had that day conferred on mankind, as well as holding forth learnedly on the happy prospects that this new world presented to generations yet unborn. Let them clear the surface of the earth of game, still the deep would annually yield its myriads of whales to gratify the hunting propensity of man, and supply him with many of the requisites of life.

"The boats were hauled up, and the different members proceeded to their respective huts. Fell was detained on the way, but Frank and Solomon found a blazing fire awaiting them—no trifling comfort under present circumstances. They were horrid looking creatures, particularly the latter, from the quantity of blood clotted all over them. Mr. Sanguine was, however, quite unconscious of his odd plight, and was with difficulty prevailed on to strip, scrub and put on dry clothing. It was dark when Fell entered; the dinner was just set, and Mr. Sanguine was looking himself round and extolling his whaler's dress to the skies. 'How easy it sets, how comfortable it feels, how handsome it looks,' said he; 'and all for the price of a pair of fancy slippers. What silly folks are they in England, and the higher in life the more foolish; as poor as church mice and as proud as Lucifer; as helpless as calves, ay, ten times more so than whalers!' But here he was interrupted by Fell, who was standing beside him, highly delighted at the happiness of his guest, as well as amused at his ideas of utility and contempt of foppery. 'Yes, Mr. Sanguine,' said Fell, 'how often do we see the whale's calf, newly ushered into the world, show considerable instinct at self-preservation. You saw one to-day sink beneath the reach of our stroke to avoid harm; how often do we see them cling to their mothers' paps, or take shelter under her fins, as she bounds with them through the deep, flying from her foes. Nor does the mother ever forsake them. This day, Mr. Sanguine, while you triumphantly rode on the whale's back, you owed your life to the mother's mistake; she thought you were her calf. It is, indeed, nothing uncommon for a whale to remain on the spot and be lanced to death, afraid of moving her tail, with which, at one stroke, she could scatter her enemies, lest she should injure her young, preferring present death to flying for her life and mourning her lost offspring.' Mr. Sanguine here interrupted Fell by observing that 'It is very fortunate, indeed, that they take care of their young for the sake of preserving the breed.' Fell resumed: 'How many mothers do we see of the human species who, in point of natural affection, would bear but a miserable comparison with the whale! How many mothers are there in the polite circle who bring forth and send their children abroad to be watched by the alien and the stranger, regretting only the pains they endure, the time they are shut out of society, the inroads made on their beauty, and only looking anxiously forward to the moment when they will again be able to rush into new scenes of dissipation; but the whale's greatest delight appears to be in nourishing its young and shielding it from danger until her tender trust is able to shift for itself—oftentimes eighteen months and upwards.'

"By this time they were unconsciously seated round the dinner-table; the cook

had shown great justice to the dishes. The flavor of the soup, made of the kangaroo's tail, was beyond anything Solomon had before tasted. The kangaroo steaks were, in his opinion, only surpassed by the fried smell, a part of the whale near the tail, which is very delicate eating, to which Mr. Sanguine did ample justice, and praised it as much. In the middle of his enjoyment he did not forget to deplore the degeneracy of the age, and their apathy for any great or noble enterprise, and calculated how many families could live comfortably for many days on the delicate parts of the whale they had killed. Afterwards the tale and song went merrily round, to which Mr. Sanguine contributed abundantly, and in the midst of his joy he was heard repeatedly to declare that he never knew what happiness was before."

AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES.—A lady took a girl of eight or nine years old out of the Aborigines school at Adelaide, and brought her up as companion for her little daughter. The child, under the auspices of her kind mistress, read well, wrote well, ciphered well, dressed well, was cleanly in her ways, went to church regularly twice every Sunday, sang hymns nicely, and said her catechism perfectly. This lasted about three years, at which period the girl must have attained twelve. One day she came running to her mistress looking very pale, (for black people can look pale enough sometimes), saying that she had seen in the street the young man destined to be her husband, and that he wished her to go back with him immediately. Her mistress endeavored to quiet her by telling her that, if she were so annoyed again, the offender should be given into custody. She also ordered the girl not to go out alone. For two or three months all went well, and the girl had almost forgotten her fright, when, one unlucky evening, the lady, having need of some little thing, sent her to a neighboring shop to purchase it. In about ten minutes the poor girl rushed in wildly, and, weeping, told her mistress that she must now indeed leave her, for her lover had met her, and told her that, having given his sister as wife to her brother, her brother had in return given her to him, (this exchange seems to be a universal custom among the Australian aborigines); that the old men of the tribe had sent to say that, if she would not obey their law and return immediately, they would solemnly curse all that she could eat or drink, and that she knew their power so well that she dared not resist it. After this second interview, not all that the lady did or said could tranquilize the mind of the scared and distracted girl. She neglected her duties; she sat moodily sighing all day; she sobbed all night; she refused nourishment, even that on her mistress' table, saying that it was accursed to her. The doctor was called in, and both his rhetoric and physic were unsuccessfully employed. They began to have serious apprehensions about her health, when one morning her bedroom was found untenanted—the occupant had flown; yes, had jumped out of the window before the dawn of day, and had fled away naked into her native woods, unpossessed of a single article of clothing, or anything else, to propitiate the anger of the old men of her tribe, and to obey the mysterious impulse of a savage nature.

FRENCH GAIETY.—In the campaign of 1812, a distinguished general officer of the French army was severely wounded in the leg. The surgeons on consulting declared that amputation was indispensable. The General received the intelligence with much composure. Among the persons who surrounded him he observed his valet-de-chambre, who showed by his profound grief the deep share which he took in the melancholy accident. "Why dost thou weep, Germain?" said his master, smilingly, to him: "it is a fortunate thing for thee; you will have only one boot to clean in future."

A NEW DOBER.—It is said that the hackmen of San Francisco have a new way of "forcing the season." Standing at the door of a concert hall as the company emerges, one is seen with an outspread umbrella, upon which a brother hackman is pouring water, to convey the idea that it is raining.



## The Poor Man's Song.

FROM UNLUND.

A poor man, poorer none, am I,  
And walk the world alone;  
Yet do I call a spirit free,  
And cheerful heart my own.

A gleesome child I play'd about  
My dear, dear parents' hearth,  
But grief has fallen upon my path,  
Since they are laid in earth.

I see rich gardens round me bloom,  
I see the golden grain—  
My path is bare and barren all,  
And trod with toil and pain.

And yet, though sick at heart, I'll stand  
Where happy faces throng,  
And wish good-morrow heartily  
To all that pass along.

A bounteous God! Thou leav'st me not  
To comfortless despair;  
Then comes a gentle balm from heaven  
For every child of care.

Still in each dell Thy sacred house  
Points mutely to the sky;  
The organ and the choral-song  
Arrest each passer by.

Still shines the sun, the moon, the stars,  
With blessing, even on me—  
And, when the evening bell rings out,  
Then, Lord, I speak with Thee.

One day shall to the good disclose  
Thy halls of joy and rest;  
Then, in my wedding robes, even I  
Shall seat me as Thy guest.

## A VISIT TO YOUNG NAPOLEON.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.]

By a late arrival from Europe, we were informed that the remains of the Duke de Reichstadt, the son of the first Napoleon, who was educated in the Austrian Court, and who died when he had reached the age of manhood, were about to be transferred to France at the request of the present Emperor. By the way, we may as well state here that, although the Duke de Reichstadt never ascended the throne of his father, yet the nephew, by whom it is now occupied, has recognized his title to it as Napoleon the Second by taking himself the title of Napoleon the Third. In view of all this, we have no doubt that the following account of a visit to the Second Napoleon, whose remains, as we have said, will soon be conveyed to France, will be read with much interest:

I went one morning to the Prince de Ligne, to whom I paid a daily visit. He was not yet up. I went up to his library, which he used as a bedroom. The room which a celebrated man habitually occupies is always an interesting object. Amid his books and scattered manuscripts the Prince de Ligne reminded one of a general beneath his tent between his trophies and arms.

Before him there was a desk, upon which he was writing, for he never suffered a day to pass without writing down some of those judicious or lively, witty or profound remarks which shone so copiously in his conversation.

"I am going to-day to Schonbrunn," said he, "to see Napoleon's son. I hope you will accompany me. I perform, *ad honores*, the office of introducer to the little duke, born a king. Yet, permit me to finish this chapter upon a passing scene, and then I shall be at your commands." And he began to write again. Suddenly, being in want of some information, he requested me to hand him a manuscript volume which lay on a third shelf. As I hesitated a moment he jumped out of bed, climbed up his library and leaped back to his couch with great rapidity. As I wondered at such agility at his time of life, I have, indeed, said he, "been nimble enough throughout life, and often have I had to congratulate myself on it. In the magic journey, wherein I accompanied Catharine the Great to Taurid, the imperial yacht was doubling Cape Parthenon, where the temple of Iphigenia is said to have formerly stood. The conversation dwelt on the probability of that tradition, when Catharine, extending her hand towards the coast, exclaimed, 'Prince de Ligne, I give you yonder contested country.' I immediately rushed into the sea in uniform, with my hat on, and swam to the promontory. 'Please your Majesty,' exclaimed I from the shore, with my sword in hand, 'I take possession of this ground.' That rock of Taurid has since retained my name, and I have remained in possession of the land.

"As you see, child," continued the Prince, "agility is often of use, and in life one must

manage to come to a prompt resolution. Some years before the French Revolution I happened to be at Paris; amid the amusements of the moment and the recklessness of youth, I had somewhat forgotten myself, and it was, unfortunately, as destitute of cash as my heart was replete with happiness and my mind with illusions. Yet I was obliged to be next day at Brussels to attend a dinner given by the Archduchess, who governed the Low Countries. A stranger in Paris, I was in great perplexity. I was then on terms of sincere friendship with Prince Max, now King of Bavaria, but then a colonel in the French service. You know his generosity, his adorable devotedness; throughout his life whatever he has had been at the command of his friends. I addressed myself to him, but excellent Max was not as yet a king, and had no finance minister to superintend his exchequer. It so happened that his purse was just then as light as mine. What was I to do? A postillion is the most inexorable of men, and at every change of horses he unmercifully claims his due. I learned that my cousin, the Duke d'Anremberg, who was much more economical than I, was starting post for Brussels that very evening. I forthwith came to a resolution. 'I shall be there before him,' said I to myself. I hastened to the post office with a courier's boots and spurs. I had a horse given to me and started for the next stage to order fresh horses. Thus did I gallop from Paris to Brussels, always preceding my cousin, and ordering fresh horses to be ready for him all along the road. The Duke, who had sent no courier before him, could not conceive to whom or what he was indebted for a punctuality which shortened his journey. On his arrival I told him of my strategy, which made us both heartily laugh, and thanks to which I did not lose my dinner at the Archduchess's."

While chattering he dressed. When he had put on his brilliant uniform of Colonel of the Brabans and decked himself with half a dozen orders, we started for Schonbrunn. Unfortunately, his carriage could not boast his agility, and it was impossible to believe it had ever been young. But the Prince knew how to shorten distance by those charms of conversation which also made up for the scantiness of his dinners. The journey, which took up an hour, seemed but a brief one to me.

The imperial palace of Schonbrunn, which was commenced by the princes of the House of Austria, was the favorite residence of Maria Theresa. It was she who finished it, and such was her impatience to see it finished that the works were carried on by candle-light. Its site on the right of the Viam is delightful. The majestic *ensemble* of the architecture announces a royal residence. The gardens, nobly and gracefully laid out, intersected with sheets of limpid water, ornamented with the finest trees and with the most precious bronzes and marble works of art, worthily correspond to the majesty of the palace. In the park numerous flocks of roebucks, stags and deer are seen capering about. Every day the gardens are opened to the public. A multitude of carriages and cavalades continually cross them. Around the park and in the environs are a vast number of villas, which, in the fine season, are the scene of a series of fetes and amusements.

In the hall a French servant, still wearing Napoleon's livery, came to meet us. He knew the Marshal, and immediately announced his arrival to Madame Montesquiva, who, a few minutes after, came and politely apologized for not being able to introduce us forthwith.

"The young prince," said she, "is at this moment sitting to Isabeby for his portrait, which is intended for the Empress, Maria Louisa. He is very fond of the marshal, whose arrival would not fail to disturb him. I shall abridge the sitting as much as possible."

"You know, said the prince, when Madame de Montesquiva had left us, 'what happened to me when I paid my first visit here. When the child was told that Marshal the Prince de Ligne had come to see him, 'Is he,' he exclaimed, 'one of the marshals who betrayed my country? Don't let him come in.' It was difficult to make him understand that other countries than France had marshals also."

Soon after, Madame de Montesquiva introduced us. On seeing the Prince de Ligne,

young Napoleon rushed from his seat into the prince's arms. He was really the finest child one could see. The angelic shape of his face, the dazzling fairness of his complexion, the fire of his eyes, his pretty light hair falling in locks on his shoulders, formed the most graceful *ensemble*. He wore a hussar uniform, richly embroidered, and on his dolman shone the star of the Legion of Honor.

"Here is a Frenchman, my Prince," said the Prince, pointing to me.

"Good day to you, sir," said the child to me. "I love the French most dearly."

Remembering what Rousseau says, that nobody likes to be questioned, especially children, I stopped and kissed him.

Napoleon's son is no more. Ruthless death cut short at twenty-two a life commenced on the throne at the moment his brilliant qualities would no doubt, have shed a lustre over him, and when his noble feelings had won him all hearts. His intelligence was lively and ripe than his years; his memory and facility prodigious, and his resolution unshakable. His slightest movements were graceful, his gestures grave and solemn. His instinct, as is well known, revealed itself on a memorable occasion. On the 29th of March, 1814, when the Empress abandoned the Tuilleries to repair to Rambouillet, and efforts were made to conduct the child to his mother, who awaited him, he opposed great resistance, and cried out that his papa was betrayed and that he would not go. Madame de Montesquiva was obliged to exercise all her ascendancy, and did not succeed without resorting to force, and promising to bring him back soon. The poor child had guessed that he was doomed never to see the Tuilleries again.

His presence of mind was evinced in whatever reminded him of his father. The day before our visit, that of Commodore Sir Neil Campbell, the same officer who had accompanied Napoleon to the Island of Elba, was announced to him. "Are you pleased, Prince," said Madame de Montesquiva, as she presented Sir Neil, "to see that gentleman who left your papa only a few days ago?" "Yes, I am much pleased," replied he, laying his finger on his mouth; "but this must not be said." The Commodore took him up in his arms. "Your papa," said Sir Neil, "has desired me to embrace you." He then embraced him and put him down. The child, who then held a German top in his hands, violently flung it on the floor and split it. He then exclaimed, "Poor papa!" and burst into tears.

He expressed himself on his childish royalty with a sort of resigned and touching melancholy. "I see that I am no longer a king," exclaimed he repeatedly on his way from Rambouillet to Vienna; "I have no more pages." Prince de Ligne was showing him some medals struck on the occasion of his birth. "I recognize them," said he; "they were made when I was a king."

We drew near to Isabeby, who had just finished the young prince's picture. The likeness was striking and the portrait graceful, like all the productions of that eminent artist. It is the same he presented in 1815 to Napoleon on his return from Elba. "What pleases me most in that portrait," observed the Prince de Ligne, "is its extreme likeness to that of Joseph II. when a child, which portrait Maria Theresa formally presented me with." The Prince then complimented Isabeby on the perfection of his art, adding some words about his European fame. "I am come to Vienna, Prince," said Isabeby, "in the hopes of painting all the celebrated personages who are here, and I ought, no doubt, to have begun with you." "Certainly," replied the Prince, "in my capacity of *doyen d'age*." "No," answered Isabeby, whose graceful turn of mind is well known, "but as the pattern of all that is illustrious in this age."

Meanwhile young Napoleon had fetched from a corner of the room a regiment of wooden Huns, which his grand uncle, the Archduke Charles, had sent him some days before. The machinery of the plaything was contrived so that the troopers went through all the evolutions. "*Allons mon Prince, a la manoeuvre*!" exclaimed the Prince de Ligne in a loud tone. The regiment was forthwith turned out of its box and drawn up in order of battle. "*Garde a vous*!" cried the old Marshal, drawing his sword and assuming the attitude of a general at parade. Motionless with attention, as serious as a Russian grenadier, the child stationed himself to the right of the troops, his hand on the spring. The command was given and instantaneously

executed with precision; another command followed, and there was the same obedience and the same seriousness on both sides. Really, on beholding the boy's charming countenance animated at the sight of warriors, and an old and illustrious wreck of the old wars revising before that child, one would have said that the former had inherited his father's passion for the military art, and that the latter, grown forty years younger, was about to resume again his glorious campaigns.

The *grandes manoeuvres* were interrupted by the approach of the Empress. As she liked to be alone with her son, whose education she herself superintended, we withdrew, leaving behind us Isabeby, who wished to show her the portrait.

"Ah!" said the Prince de Ligne when we were again in our carriage, "when Napoleon received at Schonbrunn the surrender of Vienna—when he was combining there his memorable campaign of Wagram—when he reviewed in those extensive courts his triumphant phalanxes before the wondering Viennese, how far he was from foreseeing that in that same palace the conqueror's son and the conqueror's daughter would be kept as hostages by him whose fate was now in their hands. In the course of my long career I have seen a vast deal of glory and a vast deal of adversity, but nothing can be compared with the history of which we have sketched a chapter."

PUNCTUALITY OF WASHINGTON.—When Washington appointed noon as the hour at which he should meet Congress, he never failed to be passing the threshold of the hall just as the clock was striking twelve. Whether his guests were present or not, he always commenced dinner exactly at four. Not unfrequently, new members of Congress, who were invited to dine with him, delayed until the meal was half over; and he would then remark, "Gentlemen, we are punctual here. My cook never asks whether the company have arrived, but whether the hour has." When he visited Boston in 1789, he appointed eight A.M. as the hour which he should set out for Salem, Mass., and while the old south clock was striking eight, he was in the act of mounting his horse. The company of cavalry which volunteered to escort him were parading in a neighboring street after his departure, and it was not till the General reached a place at several miles distance that they overtook him. On the arrival of the corps, Washington, in a perfectly good-humored manner, observed, "Major —, I thought you were too long in my family not to know when it was eight o'clock." Captain Pease, the originator of the stage establishment in the United States, had a beautiful pair of horses which he wished to dispose of to the General, whom he knew to be an excellent judge of horses. The General appointed five o'clock in the morning to examine them. But the Captain did not arrive with the horses until a quarter past five, when he was informed by the groom that the General had been there at five, and was now busy fulfilling other engagements. Pease, much mortified, was obliged to wait a week for another opportunity, merely from having delayed the first quarter of an hour.

THE NATIVES OF AFRICA AND THE APES.—The natives of Africa have an idea that the Gorillas, and other large apes, are really men; but that they pretend to be stupid and dumb, in order to escape impressment as slaves. Work, indeed, seems to be the *summum malum* in the African mind, and a true native African never works if he can help it. As to the necessary household labors and the task of agriculture, he will not raise a finger, but makes his wives work, he having previously purchased them for that purpose. In truth, in a land where the artificial wants are so few—unless the corruptions of pseudo-civilization have made their entrance—and where unassisted nature is so bountiful, there is small need of work. The daily life of a negro has been very graphically described in a few words. He gets a large melon; he cuts it in two and scoops out the inside; one half he puts on his head, he sits in the other half, and eats the middle.



## MISCELLANEOUS.

A FEW VALUABLE FACTS IN REGARD TO WEAKNESS OF VISION.—The Abbeille Medical contains the following remarks, by Dr. Sichel, on an affection of the eyes which is extremely common, and often mistaken for the commencement of a much more serious malady. By physicians it is called asthenopia. Dr. Sichel, on the contrary, proposes to call it presbytic amblyopia. The symptoms are as follows:—Distant objects perfectly visible, without any fatigue to the eye, even when looked at steadfastly for a long time, (unless, indeed, the affection be of long standing, or there be other complications of the ocular apparatus connected with it.) Distinct vision on beginning to work on small objects at a sufficient distance; a troubled vision, on the contrary, after the work has lasted some time, especially at a very short distance. In such cases the eye-sight is sometimes entirely obliterated for a few moments. Distinctness returns after the patient has rested a short time, and let his eyes wander on distant objects. Weak convex glasses are found to produce relief. Concave glasses, on the contrary, prevent distant objects from being visible. The ophthalmoscope shows the inner membranes of the eye to be in a normal state, the organ itself presenting the characteristics of far-sightedness. Sometimes there is a certain degree of cerebro-ocular congestion, especially when strong convex glasses have been used. This affection, Dr. Sichel observes, has but too often been mistaken for a commencement of amaurosis, and treated accordingly, whereas it only requires a hygienic treatment—medicines, unless called for by other symptoms, being rather injurious than otherwise, and calculated in the end to cause cause amaurosis where there is none. The treatment recommended by Dr. Sichel is as follows:—Allow your eyes as much rest as possible; look frequently at large and distant objects, without fixing your eyes too long upon any particular one. When you are obliged to return to your usual work, keep the objects as far distant as you can, compatibly with distinct vision. Suspend your work every two, three, or five minutes, in order to look at something at a distance. During these intervals, bathe your eyes often with fresh water. If you have already had recourse to convex glasses, exchange them for weaker ones, sufficient to enable you to do your day's work, by keeping the objects somewhat farther off. While wearing the glasses, follow the same rules (given above, and as soon as your work is done, take off your spectacles and look about you on distant objects. If you have not yet begun to use convex spectacles, continue to do without them as long as you can, and when you must at length have recourse to them, begin with the weakest numbers possible—that is, with Nos. 96, 80, or 72, representing the focal distances in French inches, so that the higher the number, the weaker is the power it expresses.

CAUSES OF INDIGESTION.—It is certain that if the food be not well masticated and saturated with saliva, we must have the powerful gastric juice of a dog or a lion to compensate this deficiency; otherwise a larger proportion of the unchanged food will be transmitted to the intestines than they can well manage, or will lie like a load oppressing the stomach. The starch will descend in lumps, and although much of it will be dissolved by intestinal digestion, some will pass away undigested. If the secretion of gastric juice be languid, or if that fluid be not sufficiently acid, chymification will be laborious and painful. If the bile rise in the stomach, digestion will cease; if the secretion of bile be too scanty, the food will lie like a burden, and produce diarrhoea or sickness; and so on to the end of the chapter. Let there be only a little less acid, or a little more alkali, each of which depends on complex conditions and digestion, what to the young and healthy is as easy as it is delightful, becomes the source of misery. Ill-selected food is one source of

these evils—want of fresh air and exercise another. The action of the liver is particularly affected by exercise, and all who suffer from biliousness should pay their fees to the livery stable and waterman, horse exercise and rowing being incomparably the best of prescriptions. A walking excursion, especially in mountain districts, and with resolute avoidance of walking too much, will be found of great service to the dyspeptic. It is important to bear in mind, moreover, that although sedentary habits are very injurious to the digestion, they are less so than bad ventilation. Those who sit long, and sit in bad air, are cure to suffer.

RELICS OF ROMAN CIVILIZATION AND LUXURY.—The Abbe Cochet has addressed a report to the Archeological Society of the Eure, France, giving an account of some further Roman antiquities recently discovered at the village of Pitres. At the depth of between three and four feet below the surface of the soil he found the remains of an edifice, of from six to eight metres square. These remains appear to be of a room which was heated by a stove; in the north-east side is a circular inflection, and in the south-west angle a round tunnel. The remains indicated that the room was richly decorated. The walls, of great thickness, are of the stone similar to that employed in the remains of Roman houses at Rouen, Lillebonne, and Etretat. The part of the stone where the fire must have been lighted was lined with flat tiles; flues of baked earth extended from the stove to the walls, and were carried beneath the floor to the walls on the opposite side; they were fastened to the walls by means of iron cramps, some of which still remain. The floor is in flags of freestone, fastened with cement. In the ruins, fragments of various articles were found. Among them are several fragments of antique vases, pieces of thick flat glass, various personal ornaments, and among them an ear-ring ornamented with a green stone; several bronze coins—one of them of Marcus Aurelius, pierced, to be suspended to a collar or bracelet; ten pins made of bone, one bearing a human head, a fragment of a bracelet in *jade*, and lastly, fragments of a table in white marble with red veins.

INTERESTING GEOLOGICAL DISCOVERY.—In a paper addressed to the Academy of Sciences, M. Desnoyers, gives a curious account of a discovery he has made in the gypsum quarries of the valley of Montmorency, close to Paris, of prints of feet of various kinds of animals. The subject is of considerable interest to geologists, since the impressions discovered in the strata of old formation have hitherto enabled them to assign a much more ancient date to the first appearance of the vertebrate animals, birds especially, than could have been done by judging solely from the remains of their skeletons. As yet these impressions had almost exclusively been observed in the red sandstone of trias formation, first in Scotland and subsequently in Saxony, England, and the United States; and but very recently in France. They have most generally been attributed to reptiles, birds, and mammalia, and especially to the gigantic animals called 'Cheirotheria'; and they have never before been met with in the tertiary strata of any country, although the latter are generally richest in animal remains. The fact appears still more singular when it is considered that the impressions of upwards of fifty different kinds of animals have been scrupulously copied and published as having been observed in sandstone, when hardly a single authentic bone has been found therein, to corroborate the suppositions of geologists. M. Desnoyers, in finding such prints in the gypsum of Montmorency, has filled up the chasm presented by the tertiary period. In examining in what manner and position the numerous remains of skeletons, for which the district is remarkable, are found embedded in the gypsum, he remarked certain hollow prints, corresponding, in the layer immediately above, to solid protuberances fit-

ting exactly into them; moreover, there generally lay between them the trail of some reptile, resembling that of a gecko, an iguana, &c., so that the prints in this case must have been those of reptiles' paws. To leave no doubt on the subject, M. Desnoyers applied to M. Dumeril, Professor of Herpetology at the Garden of Plants, requesting him to afford him an opportunity of seeing the kind of trail a living reptile would leave on wet clay. This was done, and the result corroborated M. Desnoyers' views. But, besides the prints of reptiles, those of birds and carnivorous animals were also frequently met with, together with those of tortoises, frogs, &c. Facts of a similar nature have also been ascertained by him at Pantin, Clichy, and Dammarin.

A FABULOUS TREE.—Another fable connected with the Canary Islands was that of the marvellous Fountain Tree. Its species is unknown, but it was long believed to furnish the only supply of water enjoyed by the natives of Hierro, where it seldom rains. The tale regarding the mysterious properties of this wonderful tree, absurdly enough, has been repeated within very recent years in several English publications of reference and instruction, in which it is represented as a still-existing vegetable wonder. So gross an error is the more inexcusable, as, for centuries past, numerous writers, beginning with Lord Bacon, have shown the fallacy of such a belief. It is more than a hundred and fifty years since the Padre Trego, in his great work, the "Teatro Critico," fully described the real nature of the phenomenon, which was supposed to be a fountain of water. The tree, so far from being unique of its kind, and of unknown species, was one of the laurel family, extremely common as well in Hierro as in the other island. It is a fact that a quantity of pure water, to the amount of a few gallons daily, was constantly dripping from its leaves. This was collected for use in receptacles formed round its trunk, into which were conducted also the contents of the pools which the winter rains had left in its neighborhood. But the water that dropped from the trees did not arise from any virtue in the tree itself, but from the position in which they grew. This was at the upper extremity of a narrow but deep ravine, opening on the sea-coast, and leading by an ascent of about five miles to almost the highest point of the island, where it terminated in a nearly perpendicular face of rock, against which the tree grew, surrounded by brambles, heath, ferns, and other smaller plants. The wind constantly rushed with great violence up the funnel of this narrow ravine, bearing with it clouds of mist from the sea. These, being stopped in their further progress by the bare surface of the rock, and condensed on the surrounding vegetation, but particularly on the broad shining leaves of the evergreen laurel, trickled down in drops of sufficient quantity to become an object of care in an island where the other usual sources of water were far from abundant. The tree, already decayed by age, was blown down and totally destroyed by a hurricane so long ago as the year 1612.

ASBESTUS.—This is a mineral of the hornblende family, remarkable for its structure, which is that of parallel fibres, like thread woven closely together, and which are so flexible that they can be picked out and woven into cloth. The finer the variety, which has the luster of white satin, is called Amiantus. Cloth made of these minerals is not affected by any ordinary degree of heat, and may be thrown into the fire with no other effect than cleaning it. The earliest use to which it was applied was wicks for lamps, which were bright but never consumed. Napkins have been made of it, which, when dirty, are washed by being thrown into the fire. Bugnon, a French author, mentions that persons travelling in caravans through Asia, in order and made "stockings, socks and drawers" from it, which fitted closely, and over these they wore other garments. A learned bishop has intimated that the three children cast into the fiery furnace without being hurt were clothed in garments made of asbestus.

## FACETIÆ.

NEWSPAPER EDITORS AND PRINTERS.—"I pity the printer," said my uncle Toby. "He's a poor creature," rejoined Trim. "How so?" said my uncle. "Because, in the first place," continued the corporal, "because he must endeavor to please everybody. In the negligence of a moment, perhaps a small paragraph pops upon him; he hastily throws it to the compositor—it is inserted, and he is ruined to all intents and purposes." "Too much the case, Trim," said my uncle, with a deep sigh; "too-much—the case." "An! please your honor," continued Trim, elevating his voice, and striking into an imposing attitude—"an! please your honor, this is not the whole." "Go on, Trim," said my uncle, feelingly. "The printer sometimes," pursued the corporal, "hits upon a piece that pleases him mightily, and he thinks it cannot but go down with his subscribers; but, alas! sir, who can calculate the human mind? He inserts it, and it is all over with him. They forgive others, but they cannot forgive a printer. He has a host to print for, and every one sets up for a critic. The pretty miss exclaims—'Why don't he give us more poetry, marriages and bon mots?—away with these stale pieces!' The politician claps his speech on his nose, and runs it over in search of a violent invective; he finds none; he takes his specks off, folds them, sticks them in his pocket, declaring the paper good for nothing but to burn. So it goes. Every one thinks it ought to be printed expressly for himself, as he is a subscriber; and yet, after all this complaining, would you believe it, sir," said the honest corporal, clasping his hands beseechingly—"would you believe it, sir, there are some subscribers who do not hesitate to cheat the printer out of his pay? Our army grows terribly in Flanders, but they never did anything as bad as that." "Never!" said my uncle Toby, emphatically.

LIGHTS AND LIVES.—Lord Cockburn, when at the bar, was pleading in a steamboat collision case. The case turned on the fact of one of the vessels carrying no lights, which was the cause of the accident. Cockburn insisting on this, wound up his eloquent argument with this remark: "In fact, gentlemen, had there been more lights, there would have been more lives."

A FUNNY ALTERATION.—Not long ago, over the door of a shop near Charter Cross, was inscribed, "A Bull & Co., Importers." A wag one night took paint and brush, and made it read thus: "A Bull and Cow Imported." People called the next day to look at the imported cattle.

LONGINGS TO LET.—Passing along the street a few days ago, we observed in the window of a partially vacant house the following notice: "The upper part of this House to Let, containing three rooms, a cellar, kitchen, and a backyard."

The venerable lady of a celebrated physician, one day casting her eye out of the window, observed her husband in the funeral procession of one of his patients, at which she exclaimed: "I do wish my husband would keep away from such processions; it appears too much like a tailor carrying home his work."

Sheridan was staggering home one night, when he was accosted by the watch, to whom he said, confidentially: "My name is Wilberforce—I am a religious man—don't expose me."

The latest style of hoop-skirt is the grand self-adjusting, double-back, action bustle. Etruscan lace expansion, spiral Piccolomini attachment, gossamer indestructible! It is a "love of a thing."

Pretty nearly all men are benevolent when it don't cost them much. Tom never sees poor John suffer, but he thinks Sam ought to help him.

"What church do you attend, Mrs. Partington?"

"Oh, any paradox church where the gospel is dispensed with."

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed a young school-girl, when she first beheld a cucumber, "I always thought such things grew in slices."

There is an old bachelor in New York so confirmed that he wouldn't read the war news, because so much was said about infantry.

"That's what I call capital punishment," as the boy said when his mother shut him up in the closet among the preserves.

What money do men most long after, and in many cases would like to exchange when they have gained it? Matrimony.

When does the letter a transform pork into a metal? When it makes a led pig into a pig of lead.

"Of all the extravagant fees I ever heard of," said a crusty old bachelor the other day, "a female is the worst."

Every wooden leg that takes the place of a leg lost in battle, is a stump speech against war.

Why is a blunt knife partially ground, like a young pickpocket? Because it is a little sharper.

To keep your own counsel—get into a long suit, and he'll live upon you.



## LATEST FROM EUROPE.

## THE SO-CALLED DISARMAMENT IN FRANCE.

The Peace Congress at Zurich.

## THE POPE AND THE REVOLUTIONARY VOLUNTEERS.

Reported ill Feeling Between Austria and Prussia.

By the arrival of the steamships Bremen, Asia and Saxonia at New York, and the Hungarian at Quebec, we have European news to the 10th of August.

## IRELAND.

THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS SCHOOL at TUAM, TUAM, SUNDAY, July 31.—To-day, after last Mass, a preliminary meeting was held in the sacristy of the Cathedral for the purpose of initiating measures to restore in this town the inestimable blessings of religious and secular education to the children of the humblest classes, through the agency of the Christian Brothers, who had been driven out of it in a spirit equal to a revival in the worst days of the penal code. The meeting was held under the presidency of his Grace the Archbishop of Tuam, Most Rev. Dr. Mac-Hale.

Rev. Eugene Coyne, R.C. Administrator, was requested to act as Secretary. Among those present were—

Dr. Bodkin, Thomas Higgins, solicitor; Martin Cloran, Wm. Gannon, Jasper Kelly, John Moylan, Rev. D. O'Brien, President St. Jarlath's College; John Morris, Martin A. O'Brennan, John Murroe, Martin Owens, Patrick Kelly, John Ansboro, Patrick Thomas Burke, Edward Kelly, James Kelly of Clon Doyle, Joseph Killgariff, Andrew Egan, Laurence Mullins, and a great many others whose names I could not collect.

As I have already stated, the meeting being of a preliminary nature it does not admit of a detailed report. The question of obtaining a site for the erection of a new monastery and schools for the Christian Brothers was discussed. Rev. Mr. Coyne, after considerable discussion as to the difficulty of obtaining a site, said there was a site available in Barrack street, but it did not appear to be an eligible one. He believed Mr. Chas. Blake had a site near the barracks, to which an acre of land was attached, and that he supposed he would be willing to give it.

Dr. Bodkin proposed the appointment of a committee to inquire into and report upon a suitable place for the site of the monastery, and to report to an adjourned meeting on that day week, which was agreed to unanimously.

Rev. Mr. Coyne then referred to the heavy expenses attendant upon the recent trials in Galway, and suggested the propriety and absolute necessity of having a defence fund established, not only to provide for the outlay already incurred, but for future contingencies that would probably arise in consequence of the religious persecution the Catholics of Tuam were subjected to. Through the Post Office and on the public highways, offensive and filthy placards were being constantly distributed and thrust into the doors of the Catholic inhabitants, and even into the doors of the nunneries, reviling the most sacred dogmas of the Catholic faith. As long as such a system was practiced by the proselytisers no people who valued or honored their religious convictions could bear it patiently. Hence the obvious necessity of not merely a temporary, but a permanent defence fund.

Mr. Patrick Burke said he had reason to believe there was a great feeling of sympathy all through Catholic Ireland for the persecution which was practised against them in Tuam, and which he believed would meet a willing and generous response not only among the Catholic people in Ireland, England and Scotland, but of every Catholic heart across the western waters in America, and beyond the waves of the blue Pacific, Australia, if they had occasion to appeal to them. [Hear, hear.]

Dr. Bodkin—What sum might be sufficient to erect a new monastery and schools?

His Grace—Not less than £1,000, and it might be necessary to insure them against fire. [Laughter.]

Mr. Higgins—With respect to the subscription for building the school I may mention that I have already got together £50 for that purpose. [Hear.]

His Grace—Oh! we must have the schools back whatever it costs.

Rev. Mr. Coyne said they would now receive subscriptions for the defence fund.

His Grace said it would be very desirable that such a fund should be established. The liberty of those persons put on trial was in jeopardy. Some of them were tried on charges which, if proved, would have subjected them to transportation, and others of them to imprisonment for a considerable time, and they might have fallen in for either. It was for the zeal and ability of the eminent lawyers employed, which reflected the highest credit on them for their professional talents and the earnestness and energy with which they took up the cause of their clients, and the expense of this defence must have been very considerable.

Rev. Mr. Coyne—It could not have been carried on without the sines of war.

His Grace then stated that he would give £5 to begin the list.

Rev. Mr. Coyne—I'll give £2.

Subscriptions were then handed in for the defence fund, and in a very few minutes £32 were received. Mr. T. Higgins said that it would be an idle compliment for him to say he would subscribe. What he proposed doing was this: He would give his professional service and whatever personal expenses he had been at gratuitously—[hear, hear]—and all he would accept would be the money that was put out of him in feeling the counsel and paying the indispensable legal expenses which he was actually out of pocket. [Hear, hear.]

Committees were then named—one to inquire into and examine for a suitable site for the new schools, find the other to collect subscriptions through town for the defence fund, after which the meeting adjourned to that day week.

It was then announced that further subscriptions would be received by the Rev. Eugene Coyne, or by any of the archdiocesan clergy. On Friday evening when Rev. Mr. Coyne was returning to Tuam, a number of people were met by an immense concourse of people outside the town, who received them in a most enthusiastic manner. They were escorted into the town, which was decorated with triumphal arches, amid most vehement cheering, and in the evening tar-barrels were carried through the streets, and a monster bonfire lighted in front of the presbytery, to complement the respective clergymen, through whose energetic exertions, combined with the legal abilities of Mr. Higgins, the triumph of religious liberty was achieved and vindictive bigotry neutralised. Indeed, even in Galway the event was celebrated with every sign of rejoicing; the square was lighted up with bonfires, and the enthusiasm of the people was of the most demonstrative character. All along the road their reception was of the same nature, the populace manifesting their hearty delight at the result of the proceedings. [Dublin Freeman.]

**LIBERATION OF THE LAST OF THE PHOENIX PRISONERS.**—We rejoice to find that the wise policy initiated in Cork and Tralee has also been pursued with regard to the persons charged with conspiracy in Belfast. All the efforts of the late Government in Ireland to swell this insane enterprise into a serious attempt to produce a subversion of the present order of things by a revolutionary movement have thus utterly failed. It is to be hoped this issue may prove a useful warning to future Governments, but we fear nothing will ever change the nature of Orange treason against the liberties of the subject in Ireland. The new Government, however, deserves the thanks of the country for the clemency and consideration they have shown to those unfortunate young men.

**THE KINSALE ORANGE RIOTS.**—Now that the inquiries have terminated, and despite of some opinions that have been expressed, it does not seem to us very difficult to come to the conclusion that the whole affair was an Orange display—nay, it seems to us impossible to arrive at any other. Great stress was laid by the military partizans of the regiment upon the fact that the militia got the worst of the battle. We fully admit that. They attacked the people in the town and got well thrashed for their pains. That, however, is no excuse. They got some of the punishment they deserved, but that does not excuse them. During the whole of the military investigation the origin of the riot, which after all was the important and all-essential portion, seems to have been carefully avoided. We had pathetic accounts given by officers of men coming into barracks with their heads bleeding, and rushing into different places for protection; we had the narrative of rows two or three days before, where the militia, in the opinion of all their officers, were very badly treated. One witness, indeed, gave a different version that was worth attending to. Mr. Fussell, a respectable shopkeeper, described the acts of the militia on the 11th in such a manner as to prove that they were nothing less than a parcel of riotous blackguards. But though it was known through the columns of the press

that the rioters of the twelfth had been carousing in a public house, from whence, after all manner of Orange demonstrations, they issued straight to the work of destruction, this important clue to the whole business was never taken up, as unworthy the military inquirers. Even with this omission, and within the very narrow range of military inquiry, the evidence is complete to show that the riot was commenced by the militia. For the very first act of violence that the depositions of that inquiry prove to have been committed by the militia, the milk pails of the poor women in the market, the second the beating of the sickly, infirm Priest, who was only rescued by the courage of Head Constable Geale. After this, and when in despair the people of Kinsale had turned upon them in their own defence, some of them did receive injuries; but it is proved beyond a doubt that it was they who thrust bayonets into shutters, who broke windows with sticks, and smashed over a thousand panes of glass in the houses of the town. Let Lord Massereene defend those innocent and persecuted lambs as he will—let him sneer as gracefully as he chooses at the poverty of Kinsale—he cannot disprove these important facts. But the public will not be satisfied with the very lame investigation made by the military authorities. They will prefer to have the matter decided by the ampler one of the civil magistrate, which not only shows the cowardly brutality of the Antrim militia, but also that it is clear in light that that brutality was the distinct consequence of the Orange feeling of the regiment.

[Cork Examiner.]

## FRANCE.

**Le Moniteur de la Flotte**, of August 4, announces that orders have been given at the different ocean ports to proceed immediately with the disarmament of all French vessels armed or in course of arming. These orders are already being executed, and vessels which were in the roads (*en rade*) have been put back into the different ports. The disarmament has also commenced at Toulon. Orders have been given to disband all sailors having served five years.

A sham fight is to be executed by 40,000 men at the camp of Chalons, under the Emperor's orders, illustrative of the crises at Solferino. The Emperor returns to the camp in September, to take command of the manoeuvres.

It was reported that General Fleury was to be raised to General of Division.

The Paris Constitutional describes the proposed organisation of Antwerp to the instance of England, who, *foreseeing war with France, wishes to provide herself with an entrenched camp in Belgium.*

## THE CONFERENCE IN ZURICH.

The Zurich Conference met on the 8th, according to the announcement.

The Conference was fully constituted as follows:—

Austria—Count Colloredo and Baron Mergenber.

France—Baron Bourqueney and Marquis Bouneville.

Sardinia—Chevalier Desambrois and Chevalier Jocean.

The plenipotentiary of Zurich had welcomed the Ambassadors and were to give them a public dinner on the 11th.

The first formal sitting of the Congress took place on the 8th, at which the Sardinian representatives assisted. The second sitting was held on the 9th, but nothing transpired as to the proceedings.

## THE STATES OF THE CHURCH.

A letter from Rome, of the 23d, in the *Constitutionnel*, says:—

"You have, no doubt, already heard that the acceptance by the Pope of the honorary presidency of the new Italian Confederation is now certain. Lieut. Colonel Menneval, orderly officer to the Emperor Napoleon, has been here for some days past. He had the honor of delivering into the hands of the Sovereign Pontiff an autograph letter of his Majesty. He is also charged, it is said, to treat on several interesting points of national Italian policy, under instructions received from the Emperor himself. The Colonel has already had several audiences of his Holiness, and long conferences with Cardinal Antonelli, the Secretary of State. The actual state of the Legations had been particularly discussed. The Holy See, I am assured, requires that France, conjointly with Sardinia, if necessary, shall clear those provinces of various bands of volunteers come from all parts who keep up a system of terror, to the great annoyance and danger of the peaceful population. The Pope is well pleased with the peace. The meetings of the Cardinals in council, in presence of the Pope, which are called here *congregations*, are unusually frequent. Some persons pretend to know that the bases of the reforms to be effected in the various departments of Government, political, administrative, and judicial, have already been several

times under discussion, and that the new forms to be introduced have been proposed and approved of."

The following are said to be the points specified in the letter of the Emperor sent by Colonel Menneval:—

"1. Admission of laymen into Cabinet or Ministerial offices under the premiership of a cardinal secretary.

"2. A State Council on the model of the French *Conseil d'Etat*.

"3. A Council of at least forty members, whose vote shall not be simply *consultatif*, but indispensable for all laws or taxes.

"4. The members of this assembly to be elected by the municipal bodies.

"5. Centralization to be abolished, and the remote provinces to be under the *bona fide* control of their respective municipalities.

"6. A code to be drawn up similar to that of Lombardy, or the Code Napoleon.

"7. Lay tribunals without a court of appeal sitting at Rome, half composed of lay and half clerical judges.

"8. Native army to be raised by conscription.

"Copy of these terms is to be laid before the Congress at Zurich."

MARSEILLES, Tuesday.—Advices have been received from Rome to the 31st ult. The Duke de Gramont has been summoned to Paris in order to confer with the Emperor, and has already taken his departure. General Goyon has been proclaimed a Roman noble by the municipality. Another measure of the Cardinals has taken place. A list of new ministers is circulated. Numerous Roman volunteers to the Sardinian army have been authorized to return, receiving assistance *secours de fratries*.

A number of gentlemen have presented themselves to the Pope, begging him to form an Urban Guard of select individuals, but their suggestion and offer was rejected.

Queen Christina, before leaving Rome, invested 200,000 scudi in Roman Consols at 79, thus showing her full confidence in the government.

**THE POPE'S RECEPTION OF THE REVOLUTIONARY ARMY.**—The *Giornale di Roma* has the following:—

Many of the Pope's subjects who voluntarily emigrated from the States of the Church to fight under the Sardinian flag, have determined to return to their country, having been disbanded by the government which they felt it their duty to serve. Belonging to the most part, to the lowest class of the people, they are entirely without resources; not having received any from the government to which they gave their assistance, they now ask aid from their own government, which they despised.

The Pontifical government, in its paternal solicitude, taking pity on the lot of those whom it regards solely as having been misled and seduced, has not refused to take steps to comply with their wishes, and to enable them to re-enter the bosoms of their families in peace.

Another part of these self-styled volunteers, who are in the provinces of Ravenna and Forlì, by order of those who have usurped power in Bologna, would like to cross the frontiers of Romagna, and to take up arms in a motive rather than a wish to fight. Even with regard to them, the Pontifical government is not unwilling to display a kindly feeling. Nevertheless, it is to be observed that they are sending from Piedmont representatives, who, under the name of royal commissioners, without any restraint by the people, although there was good reason to hope for the suppression of such disorder.

## ENGLAND.

In the House of Commons a bill was passed through Committee which establishes a reserve force of 30,000 men for the navy, in the same way that the militia serves as a reserve for the army. The volunteers are to be enrolled for a period of five years.

Parliament was still debating the Italian question, but in a subdued tone.

A deputation from the Anti-Opium Society had waited upon Sir Charles Wood to urge the prohibition of the cultivation of opium, except for medicinal purposes, in British India. Sir Charles, in reply, said the present unsatisfactory state of the finances of India rendered it impossible to touch the revenue derived from the opium trade.

The strike among the building trade had assumed formidable dimensions. Estimates of the men unemployed range from 20,000 to 40,000.

The master builders had sought the intercession of the Government, but the Home Secretary said he did not see how he could interfere.

The Grand Duke Constantine of Russia, travelling under the private title of Admiral Romanoff, had arrived at Spithead in the frigate Sweetland, and took up his residence at Ryde, Isle of Wight.

The completion of the mammoth steamship Great Eastern was formally celebrated on the 8th of August, by a banquet given on board, which was attended by a large number of



AMBROTYPE. aug18 tf

POST OFFICE NOTICE.—The Mails for Europe, via Southampton and Havre, per steamer VANDERBILT, will close at this office on SATURDAY, aug. 27, at 10½ o'clock A. M.

ISAAC V. FOWLER, Postmaster.



## METROPOLITAN RECORD.

JOHN MULLALLY.....Editor and Proprietor.

It will be the object of this Journal to supply the Catholic portion of the community with all the important and interesting news of the Catholic world, and particularly with information in regard to events and occurrences connected with the Church in the United States.

It is designed to make **THE RECORD** a good and desirable family journal, and it will, therefore, contain a great variety of useful, interesting, and instructive reading matter. Its readers will also be duly informed of the progress of events in the secular as well as the religious world.

The progress of Catholic Educational Institutions will meet with that attention to which they are entitled by their importance. Church Dedications occurring in and about the city of New York, will be fully and accurately reported.

Due care and attention will be given to the Literary Department, and new publications reviewed or noticed, as their character and pretensions may deserve. Each number will contain one or two stories; and it will be the design of the Editor to make its Miscellaneous reading both entertaining and instructive.

The editorial columns will be devoted to a discussion of the prominent topics of the day, and all other subjects that properly come within the scope of such a journal. No part will be taken in political controversy, nor in the disputes between partisan politicians.

The business department will be carried on with that strict attention to all its details, without which no paper can expect to succeed, no matter how liberally supported, or how ably conducted; and all the business transactions of the establishment will be conducted on a cash basis.

In conclusion, the Editor refers with pride and pleasure to the following letter of approval from the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York.

New York, Nov. 8, 1858.

"DEAR SIR: I have read carefully your plan of a Catholic paper, and approve of the same in all its parts. Its scope is new and comprehensive, and will fill up a chasm without necessarily interfering with other papers already established. You have my sanction to proceed with as little delay as possible, and you shall have my approbation and support.

"Yours, faithfully, In Christ,  
+ JOHN, Archbishop of New York."

This Journal will be published weekly at No. 371 Broadway, and delivered to city and mail subscribers on the following terms:

Price per year served by carrier..... \$3 00  
Price per year served by mail..... 2 50  
Price per copy, for six copies or more..... 2 00  
To Canadian subscribers the **RECORD** will be served for \$3 per year, as there is an advance of fifty cents in the postage; while to subscribers in Ireland it will be \$2 50 for the same.

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All orders sent to the Publication Office, No. 371 Broadway, will be promptly attended to.

ED. DUNIGAN & BRO.,  
(JAMES B. KIRK), Publisher.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 27, 1859.

# SOME OF THE RAVINGS OF THE ENGLISH PRESS ABOUT THE DECLINE OF THE PAPAL POWER IN EUROPE AND THE LAPSE OF CATHOLICISM INTO INFIDELITY.

The London Herald of August 2 has nearly a column of ravings on the subject referred to in the heading of this article. These are founded on the weakness of the Papal States in a temporal point of view, as compared with the purely secular sovereignties of Europe. The Herald graduates the prepotency of the Catholic religion on the sliding scale of purely secular and European politics.

It says: "Throughout the greater portion of Europe the religion of Rome has lapsed into infidelity, or that materialism in which Rome delights. In America it is dead, except as a political system; and even in Ireland it has, from a concentration of causes, fallen to be the profession of but a small majority, even if of a majority at all."

Now, this is raving which would entitle almost any one out of Printing House square, London, to the charitable administration of shower-baths and of a straight-jacket under humane and [enlightened] medical treatment.

The truth is, that the Catholic religion has never degenerated into infidelity or materialism. On the contrary, it is the only surviving bulwark sufficient to stem the torrent of both.

But we understand perfectly the animus of the writer, who is a fair exponent of the insolence and at the same time the materialism of John Bull's spirit. The English people, as a nation, are strong, proud, selfish, haughty, weak—that is, weak in everything except the common sense of their own interests. Considered individually, the English nation can exhibit as noble specimens of all that is great, magnanimous, frank and truthful as any other

people in the world. But in that aggregate capacity in which they resolve themselves into a proud, insular corporation, they are detestable, and in point of fact, if not detested, at least distrustful, by all the civilized nations of Europe and America, not to speak of their unfortunate subjects in Asia. They have done much, as they think, for Africa; but the Africans are too ignorant and the rest of the world too clear-sighted to give them the credit which their hunger and thirst for self-complacency demand. The philosophy which would thoroughly explain their corporate arrogance and impudence towards the rest of mankind in general—towards the Italians, the French, the Germans, their own subjects in India, their provinces everywhere, not to speak of even their step-sister, Ireland—will constitute a chapter which has not as yet been fairly written out. In the meantime they live in their own little island-world, and breathe an immoral and political atmosphere which may not be encroached upon or disturbed by the enlightened opinions of other nations. Printing House square has it all to itself. Its decisions are oracular—for Englishmen, but for no others, except when it speaks according to truth and decency. The Thunderer of that square shakes the British political heavens, and terrifies the people by the rumblings of his empty sounds, but as to lightning or thunderbolt, these have been providentially kept from within his reach. The minor potatoes of the English press mimic the tone of their prototype—flatter John Bull in everything and denounce the rest of mankind *ad libitum*, and with impunity. The London Herald is one of the typical papers of The London Times—minus the thunder.

The Herald asserts that Catholicity degenerates into infidelity. Now, it so happens that what is called infidelity is the denial of Divine revelation. And this denial of revelation was first broached and systematized in Protestant England. We shall not mention the names of its authors. Voltaire was its most conspicuous disciple on the Continent of Europe, where he incited it with a fatal success, as if it were a French discovery or invention. From France it was disseminated throughout Europe, especially during the wars resulting from the first Revolution. It never made much impression on the faith of the Italians, though it tended strongly to inoculate a taint of insincerity and immorality on their previous habits of loyalty and Christian manners.

This is patent from the history of the last century and a half. The London Herald cannot be ignorant of the fact that the transition of Catholicity to infidelity is this—first, a contempt for civil authority; next, a neglect of the duties of religion; third, a relish for falsehood, and a proclivity for the attainment of sensuous and secular results at whatever sacrifice. And yet, among the rebels and revolutionists of Italy, in spite of all their bravery, under the command of Garibaldi and others, there is not a man so much of an infidel as to be willing to meet death under ordinary circumstances, and to face his God in judgment without the intervention of a priest and the sacraments of the Church. Infidels there may be, and no doubt are, in Italy, but they are not of that brutish and materialistic description set forth by The London Herald.

Again, the Catholic Church, which The Herald designates as the Papacy, is not waning by any manner of means. On the contrary, if The Herald would stoop from its high position to examine the facts of history, as developed within the last century, it would discover that Protestantism, and not Papacy, is on the decline. In the first place, Protestantism has made no progress, received no encouragement, met

with no countenance of welcome in any Catholic State of Europe. His statement is so far true, that after witnessing the experiments of Protestantism during the last three centuries, the Catholics of Europe and of the world have made up their minds that to embrace it would be one and the same thing with taking infidelity itself to their bosom.

Now let The Herald compare notes as to the relative positions of the Catholic and Protestant religions between the years 1759 and this present date, and if he has common candor he will acknowledge that the Protestant system has gained nothing in Catholic countries during the interval, while Catholicity, on the other hand, has made startling inroads on the infidelity of the age and the Protestantism of many nations. Let him compare the condition of both religions in Germany one hundred years ago with what it is to-day. But not only Germany; let him take in Holland, Belgium, France, England, Scotland, Ireland, the United States, Canada, Australia—in short, every country under Protestant government, and, like one honest John Bull, let him say whether the Catholic religion has been declining, or whether it has been advancing during this interval. But an Englishman in the capacity of The London Herald is scarcely qualified to look beyond the boundaries of his own little island. Well, even in England let him compare the distance and the difference between the present state of the Catholic Church in his native country at the present day with its position one hundred years ago. Details in a paper like this would be out of the question. But The Herald must admit what we now are about to state. Catholic churches—some of them respectable if not elegant—have been erected in almost every section of Great Britain. A hundred years ago the Catholics of Ireland, with the exception of some of the larger cities, had to meet under their cloudy sky in glens, if not in caverns, for the purpose of celebrating the Divine Mysteries. At present they have become numerous and wealthy enough to multiply on every side churches and chapels, while they may behold from one point of eminence to another the original Christian temples of their forefathers, devoted to a heretical service, the attendance at which is scarcely numerous enough to fill that small portion of the church formerly occupied by the choir appointed to chant in the name of the Church the praises of their God. The hollowness of the temple in all its other parts might be taken as a measure of the progress of Protestantism and the decline of the Papacy.

But we shall not task the prejudices of The London Herald to a point that might disturb the equanimity of his insular temper. Well, let him look around in England itself to see whether the Papacy, as a fact, is declining, even under the frowns of his own haughty government. But let him have recourse to religious statistics, and compare what the Catholics of England were, one hundred years ago, with what they are at the present moment. What, at the commencement of this period, was the number of priests and bishops in England? What is their number now? How many chapels and churches had they then? How many have they now? Had they, at the commencement of this period, a noble and glorious hierarchy, with an illustrious prince of the Papacy at its head, as they now have? Had they then noble members of Parliament, proud to relinquish Protestantism, and to embrace the humility, with the Divine authority, of the Catholic Church, as they have now? Had they, at that period, more than one hundred converts from the ministry of the State religion—men of eminence, of science, and not belonging to the middle ages—who from superior knowledge and conviction of conscience preferred the Catholic cross to the

hopes of ecclesiastical preferment under the Prime Minister for the time being, which were amply held out to them, as they now have? Had they numerous conversions from the ranks of the English Peerage to the Divine authority of the Catholic Church, as they now have? In short, how can The London Herald look around through the shires and counties, and boroughs and towns, and cities of even Protestant England itself, without being ashamed of its silly assertion that the Papacy is on the decline, and lapsing into infidelity? Oh! Printing House Square! Oh! the credulity of its patrons!

## ENGLISH EFFORTS TO BREAK UP THE GALWAY STEAMSHIP LINE.

We perceive with regret, although we must confess not without anticipations of such a result, that "the demands of Galway to be made a harbor of refuge has met with a polite refusal." We quote the language of The London Times, which, in a column of half-mingled chuckles and sneers, congratulates itself upon the blow which has been given to an enterprise from which the friends of Ireland had hoped for a career of prosperity that was just dawning upon the country. The contract which it was at one time believed had been definitely entered into with the British Government for the carrying of the mails "remains as it was," that is, in an unsettled state. Whatever friendly feelings the Derbyite Government may have entertained towards the line, there can be no doubt of the hostility with which it is regarded by the party now in power. They will grant no appropriations for the improvement of the harbor of Galway, as The London Times says, "hint how fully they are convinced that the concession of the Galway line was uncalled for."

Now it appears to us, who view the whole matter from a distance, that if there be a subject that requires unity of feeling of purpose and of action among the Irish people it is this of the Galway line. All attempts to establish rival lines at Limerick, at Cork, or any other Irish port, should be at once abandoned, and the efforts and the time and the ability of all men in Ireland who love their country, and who would raise her to her proper position among the nations, should be devoted to this great, this important, and we may say vital work. There is enough of capital in the country to sustain such a line, and once the current of trade sets on its proper and natural course between America and Europe, which is over Ireland, it will be a difficult matter for the English Government to divert it into another channel. There is surely enough spirit in the island to accomplish this. Let it, if necessary, be made a great political question among the people, and let those ports that desire to establish rival lines lend their support to the efforts of the Galway, as the surest and the best means for the future success of their own projects, which will all be realized in good time.

Those who have read the instructive lesson which the disbanding and breaking up of the Irish Volunteers in the last century conveys, should not forget it at the present moment. All the hopes which were cherished then of Irish nationality were scattered to the winds by the bad judgment or treachery (whichever it was) of Lord Charlemont, who stood at the head of the Volunteers. Like the volunteers of 1782, the Galway Steamship Line is the great point round which the hopes of a people's nationality and independence concentrates. Let us trust that in this instance, however, the interests of the country will prevail—that the people will be true to themselves by putting down all rivalry and jealous opposition to a line upon the success of which is staked so great an issue, and that the evil prognostications of The London Times will never be realized.



## CLERICAL CHANGES IN THE DIOCESE OF NEW YORK.

[OFFICIAL.]

The Most Rev. Archbishop has lately made the following appointments:—

Rev. James Brennan, late Assistant Pastor of St. James' church, has been appointed Pastor, in place of Rev. Thomas Martin, deceased.

Rev. Hugh T. Brady, late Assistant Pastor of St. Joseph's, has been appointed Pastor of St. Anne's.

Rev. John Barry late First Assistant Pastor of the Cathedral, has been appointed Pastor of Rossville and the adjoining missions, Staten Island.

Rev. Charles Slevin, late Assistant Pastor of St. Bridget's, has been appointed Pastor of Croton Falls, Dover Plains, and the adjoining missions.

Rev. William Clowry, late Assistant Pastor of St. Stephen's, has been appointed to build the new church of St. Gabriel in Thirty-sixth street, near second avenue.

Rev. John McEvoy, Second Assistant Pastor of the Cathedral, has been appointed First Assistant in place of Rev. John Barry.

Rev. Joseph Wood has been appointed Second Assistant Pastor of St. Bridget's in place of Rev. Charles Slevin.

Rev. John L. Doyle has been appointed First Assistant Pastor of St. Stephen's in place of Rev. Wm. Clowry.

Rev. John Orsenigo has been appointed Second Assistant Pastor of the same church.

Rev. C. Pernot has been appointed First Assistant Pastor of St. James' in place of Rev. Mr. Brennan.

Rev. T. Scollon has been appointed Second Assistant Pastor of the same church.

# NAPOLEON'S CHANCE FOR A FIGHT IN THE MEDITERRANEAN—CAN ENGLAND BE PERMITTED TO RETAIN GIBRALTAR?

It is not at all improbable, unlikely as it may appear just at this moment, that the next war complications in Europe will originate between France and England on the subject of the restoration of the fortress of Gibraltar to the Government of Spain by that of Great Britain. This simple act, perfectly in accordance with the spirit of the age and Napoleon's "mission" to Italy, would establish the right of all nations to send their flags into the Mediterranean unawed by the presence of that immense military and naval force which the present custodian of the "key" of ingress thinks necessary to exhibit there. Whilst Gibraltar is in the hands of an aggressive and very powerful country, the trade of the Mediterranean is not absolutely free; for it is impossible for a vessel to pass the Straits without doing involuntary homage to the red cross which flaunts over the muzzles of one thousand cannons and inspires four thousand men at arms with the certainty of impunity from attack. Spain, now to a great extent a non-combatant Power, could effectually garrison Gibraltar, and—in these days of free transit—at the same time ensure the security of all lawful travellers in their journey from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean and *vice versa*. At the same moment she would secure herself from the danger of an incursion by the English on her territory on the land side—an event which she may expect at any moment whilst Gibraltar is in the hands of such a Power.

Independent of the good feeling which now exists between the Governments of France and Spain, and of the powerful alliances—political, religious, and of imperial family—which bind their interests together, Napoleon would be in some measure avenging France by either inducing or forcing a transfer of the "Rock" to Spain; for we must recollect that the British, during the so-called war of "Independence,"

destroyed the Spanish forts of Santa Barbara and San Felipe under the pretext that they might fall into the hands of the French army. These forts have never been repaired, nor will the English permit them to be restored, although they themselves daily encroach on the free land of Spain and have now commenced to erect an actual barracks on what they denominated "neutral ground." In all this England's policy is at complete variance with her protestations on the subject of the leaving of the Nicaragua Transit route course of our merchants and government. We find that she energetically endeavors to impress the rulers of Nicaragua and Costa Rica with the idea that it would be in contradiction to the comity and interests of commercial nations if any one country or the citizens thereof, enjoyed the exclusive right of road travel from the Pacific to the Atlantic over the territory of either of these States, asserting at the same time that her own trade to and from California, Australia, Central America, and other places, would be imperilled thereby. Animated by such feelings, she will, we hope, not object to the complete neutralization of the mouth of the Mediterranean, and the affording of a "Free Transit" to all the world there, more particularly if such a very necessary measure should be requested, or demanded, as the case may be, by such a respectable commercial personage as the Emperor Louis Napoleon.

Spain has already moved in the matter. A corps of Spanish engineers have been lately employed in surveying, and thereby ascertaining the exact extent to which the English have advanced on the "neutral" ground, and The Correspondencia Autografa, of Madrid, a paper recognized by the Government of Queen Isabella as a semi-official organ, published the following remarks on the subject in its issue of the 21st of July:—

"At Gibraltar the English are mounting batteries, not only as has been stated, in the forts, but even in the midst of the streets. The day on which the sentinel of the Straits shall light his first match, this place will be transformed into a volcano of gunpowder and ball. Our forts of Santa Barbara and San Felipe, destroyed by the English in the War of Independence, under the pretext that the French troops might take possession of them, are now only heaps of ruins, and the bronze artillery with which they were armed is still in the hands of the English. *The English will not allow these fortifications to be restored, and yet we permit them to encroach every day, by constructing barracks on neutral ground, and by taking the stone destined for their walls in the quarries of San Roque.*"

Now, if the Emperor Napoleon should join Spain in diplomatic reclamations to the English Government on the subjects of this "standing menace" in the Mediterranean, and of these gradual but pointed aggressions on the domain of a friendly power, we do not see by what argument she could sustain her position, considering how loudly she has cried out for the abatement of the Austrian fortresses in Lombardy—looking on them, as she alleged by her cabinet orators in Parliament, in the light of direct threats against the liberties of the Italian people. But if Napoleon backed up Spain and her demands for a recession of the fortress to her rule by the marshaling in the Mediterranean itself of a dozen or so of his splendid steam-frigates, we have no doubt but the old lady would be induced to look at the affair as the initiatory step towards a general European peace union, somewhat like that of the Italian confederation under the Presidency of the Pope, and that she would acquiesce in a most devout spirit, thanking God for her deliverance from the smell of that "villainous saltpetre," which, when "dugged from out the bowels of the earth," was converted into an agent of destruction by a bad man, and a friar to boot.

Spain will, we think, bring the matter to an issue before long, for we read in a subsequent number of the Madrid paper from which we have just quoted, the following:

"The Spanish Government, taking into consid-

eration what has and what may occur, has thought, and still thinks, right not to suspend its military preparations, or the works of fortifications which have been commenced in different places. It does not intend, as has been stated, to dismiss the provincial battalions, whose military instruction will continue; and, contrary to what has been said, the recruiting operations will continue also."

Now, some of our readers would be astonished if, as an issue of the late war in Italy, Austria should be compensated for the loss of Lombardy by a permission to extend her territory towards Constantinople, and that that city itself should be, before two years, be proclaimed a "free town," under the protection of France and Russia, to be garrisoned by the troops of Spain as a neutral and Catholic power—her Majesty, Queen Isabella, being induced to grant such service to France, Russia, and Austria by obtaining a repossession of Gibraltar, and some other support from these great powers.

Englishmen have, in fact, anticipated our views on this grave subject, for a private letter lately received in London from Gibraltar contains the following remarks:

"We are as busy as possible here in all branches of the service; the commissariat are also increasing their storage room for provisions. The Spanish papers are throwing out various opinions as to the activity of the English at Gibraltar, and within the past few days some Spanish engineers have been observed tracing out the lines in the vicinity of the village of Campo Mento, near the site of the camp occupied by the Spanish army during the last siege of Gibraltar. Whilst these movements are for, will doubtless be the cause of a question from the British to the Spanish Government. Some of the Spanish workmen here, but recently from the interior of Spain, state that the current report there is, that France has been making overtures to the former power relative to the restoration of Gibraltar to the Spanish rule. This is the only rumor, but the preparations for defence here are, nevertheless, going on."

Napoleon acts promptly, and in accordance with the spirit of the "epoch" in which we live; and, perhaps, as rumored in Spain, he has already addressed some advice to England on this subject which may eventually end in the angry imbroglio to which we have alluded. Although England has held Gibraltar only since the year 1704, her right to its possession has been frequently contested, and at no time more fiercely and warmly than in 1782, when the combined fleets of Spain and France, aided by a powerful allied army of both nations, assaulted it by floating batteries, but without success. Napoleon the Third, however, manages these affairs in a wonderfully clever manner; and we are certain that if his Majesty expressed himself, in his usual nervous and terse language some day in The Monitor or Debats, to the effect that Spain should have Gibraltar again, England, when she received a copy of the writing by that omnipotent telegraph mentioned in the last number of THE RECORD, would see it in almost the same light as himself, Lord Lyndhurst and a few other old gentlemen, perhaps, objecting.

But why should they object?

Almost all the story, sentiment, and song which England has told, and printed, and cheered for over two hundred years, in order to fix the idea of her invincibility in the minds of subjugated and plundered peoples, and convey to free nations a notion of her great naval and military power, have been dissipated by the course of events and the courage of younger or more gallant citizens. Those peripatetic Englishmen who roam over the world impressed with the idea that each carries a portion of the nation's greatness—and perhaps they do—on the point of his upturned nose, have frequently asserted that England's system of government rule, political and financial, was as "sound as the Rock of Gibraltar." Now, perhaps it is ominous of her decay in both respects to find, as we are assured by Spanish officers, that the "Rock" is at the present moment *very hollow and unavowed at its base*, and likely to crumble to pieces in many places under the shock of the first discharge of the great guns which surmount it. This really resembles her political and financial systems, the foundation of both plans being certain to be blown sky-high by the explosion of the first cannon

fired in anger against her by such a power as France.

All her other sententious phrases of national pretension have gone the same road, having been first proven to be braggart boasts and next shown to be false.

For a century her after-dinner minstrels, street ballad mongers and general travellers dined in the cars of the world a high-sounding verse, which concluded by inviting "Jove, the God of Thunder, or Mars, the God of War," to come down and "view with admiration the British Grenadiers." Neither deity responded in person that we ever heard of, but Mars sent one of her distinguished American sons in the person of General Winfield Scott to take a look at these heroes at Lundy's Lane, and the General, so far from being struck with "admiration," thought little of the appearance of the gentlemen, and drove them from his presence in "double quick" time. This, combined with some other little events under Napoleon in Spain and the Russian officers at the Redan, has greatly detracted from the high-sounding music of the "British Grenadiers."

"The flag which brave a thousand years the battle and the breeze" is an air that may be classed in the same category. It has truly "braved the breeze" for a thousand years, but we are at a loss to fix so late an epoch of uninterrupted triumph in battle during any period of England's history from the Norman invasion down to the days of Paul Jones, Commodore Hopkins, Commodores Jack Barry, Perry and others of our own navy.

"The only flag which Freedom rears," &c., is a popular English sentiment, but would scarcely be credited in China, India, Ireland, or at Washington and other of our river and sea coast towns, in view of the atrocities perpetrated under its cover when Great Britain had the power to do so.

"England rules the waves" is not all believed, particularly since the official days of the late Honorable William L. Marcy, Secretary of State of the United States, who convinced people in a very clear manner that she possessed no such sovereignty—a fact sealed by the present Government of our country when the war-steamer of Queen Victoria attempted to enforce a right of search over our traders in the Gulf of Mexico and on the coast of the West India Islands.

Thus go all her old national see-saws, one after another. Any terror that may have been inspired among uneducated nations by the nomenclature of her war vessels will follow very quickly. None can be ignorant of how persistently Great Britain used this plan as a means of moral impressment to convey an idea of her power. Every infernal deity chronicled in heathen mythology has been enrolled by name on her naval list, and her "Styx," "Acheron," "Cerberus," "Radamanthus," "Pluto," and so forth, have been heretofore sent on missions of intimidation or outrage to every quarter of the globe. Her system of foreign rule has been worthily typified by the more modern demons, such as "Lucifer" and "Beelzebub," while the animal kingdom has been ransacked in order to furnish such venomous names as "Scorpion," "Lizard," "Serpent," "Rattlesnake," "Viper," &c., &c. These names did really have some effect in days before Commodore Jack Barry, a gallant son of Ireland, hoisted the first banner of the "Stars and Stripes" on board an American man-of-war; but since then they have been but little cared for, and will be much less in a few years, more particularly should we find that the "Rock of Gibraltar" is not firm at its base, and that Napoleon hands it over to Spain—as he did Lombardy to Victor Emmanuel—for repair.

Rev. Dr. McCaffrey, President of Mount St. Marys, was on a visit to this city last week. On Sunday last he preached an eloquent sermon at St. Andrew's.



## A TWO DAY'S VISIT TO A NEW JERSEY WATERING PLACE.

A Resolution to take a Trip to the Country.—The Sanctum of The Record on Broadway and what is to be seen from its Window.—A Panorama for which there is no Charge.—A Change of Scene Desirable.—Long Branch and its Attractions.—A Sea-shore view by Moonlight.—Physical Exercise good for the Health.—Trip to Pleasure Bay, and its Results.—How to fish for Crabs.—The Outfit required.—Great Success.—Wherein Crabs Resemble Kossuth, and Crabs.—A few reflections on the Fate of some Enterprises.—Bathing in the Surf.—Inside of a Bathing Box, and its Appointments.—The Democratic influence of Salt Water.—Great Variety of Marine Costumes.—Rough treatment by a Breaker.—A few Reflections thereon that may be noted with Profit.—Pyrotechnic Display on a Small Scale.—Return Home and in the Sanctum of The Record again.

A trip to the country in these warm summer days, is an enjoyment that very few possessings the opportunity of indulging in, would wish to deny themselves. There are few, indeed, to whom such a pleasure is more welcome than to the editor of a paper, and it need not, therefore, be wondered at if we gladly took advantage of the only leisure days we have had, since that, to us, ever memorable twenty-ninth day of January when the METROPOLITAN RECORD first saw the light. Our little sanctum is, in itself, quite an agreeable apartment—if so small a room can be dignified by so many lettered a title—and its position on the great thoroughfare is admirably adapted to sight-seeing. All the grand military and civic processions pass beneath its window, which on great public occasions might be let out at a high price, if we were avariciously inclined. But we are not, and so it is at the disposal of a few friends who are on our free list, and who are willing to patronize us on liberal terms. Patronize, we believe, is the word, and perhaps it is just as good as any other. Now from this window we can see not only all the grand public processions, including the firemen's, which is generally the most picturesque of all; but we have before us the great, ever-moving panorama of life that flows and ebbs through the live long day. From here we can look down on the early risers and hard workers, those whose toil swells the plethoric purses of the wealthy to overflowing—an overflow that does not always find its way as it should into the empty hand of poverty. From here we can see the ranks of labor pass in its daily motley procession to the down town stores and factories and workshops of the Great Metropolis. From day-break to day-break—for Broadway is never entirely vacant—we have presented to us the ever-changing, ever-moving panorama of busy life, and there is certainly enough to be seen to satisfy the most philosophical mind, enough to furnish speculations to fill volumes. But yet with all its variety, with all the philosophical reflections that may be made upon this same panorama, with all the speculations which it may be made the theme, our readers will hardly find fault with us if we desired to change the scene for one that presented new features—in a word, if we desired to leave our little sanctum and Broadway for the surf-beaten beach of New Jersey, and, to be precise, for that particular part of it which is called Long Branch.

After so long an introduction, we do not mean to travel over much of this sheet of paper with any further preliminaries, and so, without more ado, we may as well inform our readers that after a reasonable time we found ourselves, with carpet-bag in hand, entering one of the hotels of this popular watering-place. Here, we went through the usual form of entering our name on the list of guests—the company at a hotel are called guests, although they always pay—and having furnished the landlord with our autograph, we are duly installed in possession of a room which is quite a place in its way,—capital to sleep in, particularly when some of the junior guests of the hotel are not engaged in those vocal performances which it is said are so necessary for the development of their lungs and their "organs"—we believe that is the scientific term.

It was evening when we arrived, and the continuous roar of the surf, as it beat upon the beach, fell on the ear with a dreamy sound that had a peculiarly soothing effect. Throughout the live long day, and throughout the live long night, too—for the ocean knows no rest—you hear the same sound, always varied, however, in its cadences—sometimes swelling like the roar of artillery, and sometimes sinking down into the gentlest murmur, as it is acted upon by the wind, for that is the wizard who

wakes the music of the sea-shore. It is a lovely evening, and its charms are enhanced by the newly-risen moon that is rapidly changing the hue of dusky red in which the mists of earth have veiled her, for her own pure silver radiance. The bright light she throws down upon the restless waters is broken into fragments, and reflected from millions of wavelets which form the glittering track that stretches far away to the horizon's utmost verge, as if it were a pathway from earth to heaven. But we are becoming sentimental—we would call it poetical, if we were not afraid of being presumptuous—and we must ask our readers to be satisfied with what we have said. If they don't know how the sea looked under the influence of the moon, and how the moon looked over the sea, and how both looked together, it is not our fault. We have no more time to spend on the subject. We have to proceed at once to an account of another feature of our trip to a Jersey watering place, and they must be told, in all frankness, that it will be very short, for this whole account is not to exceed three columns at the utmost.

One of the objects of going to a watering place, besides getting rid of the din and bustle and toll of the city, is to take some physical exercise, not as you would a dose of medicine that is unpleasant, but as something that is agreeable to the taste, and that can be enjoyed with a relish. Now, there is jumping, and there is playing quots, and there is shooting with a bow and arrow, and there is shooting with a gun, and there is riding, and there is bowling, and there is crabbing, and a hundred other things; but as many of what we have mentioned were not to be found at Long Branch, and as we doubt whether any one of the hundred other things is to be found in the whole of the kingdom of New Jersey, we had a very short list to select from. There was bowling, and there was fishing—of which crabbing is a branch—and both of these we determined to try. In regard to bowling, we may state, with a due sense of modesty, that we beat all opponents, which is a gratifying reflection. And here we would say a few words on this excellent physical exercise, but for the decision at which we have arrived that this article must not have more than three columns to rest upon. Our account of the crabbing expedition must, therefore, follow in short order, and without preface.

We may begin by saying that we had no idea of fishing for crabs when we set out, but what enterprize was ever yet started that had not before its completion to undergo some changes. There was Kossuth, who set out with the intention of raising Hungary and of inducing the Hungarians to destroy their crops, but who was obliged to content himself with a residence in Switzerland; there was Count Something Cavour, who intended to absorb the whole of Italy for his royal master, or royal puppet, he should say, and who lost his situation in the attempt; and there, in fact, are a great many men, little and big, who have set out with the intention of doing wonderful things which were never accomplished. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, if our fishing excursion should turn out to be a failure, and if instead of catching fish of the scaly kind we should have been obliged to put up with the members of a branch of the crustacea family known for a proclivity which they possess in common with the two celebrated personages above named of walking sideways when they are approaching an object. Thus it was we went a crabbing, and thus it often happens that

"The best laid plans of mice and men  
Gang all agley."

But to our crabbing, to which, after all that has been said, we have put a preface. A boat was hired, the proprietor of which, an agreeable, pleasant-faced fellow, who is as much entitled to the appellation of Commodore as one half of our military men are to that of General or Colonel, accompanied us for two purposes—one was to attend to the boat and the other to help us catch crabs. The Commodore informed us there was no fish to be caught in Pleasure Bay, and several of the inhabitants who live on its tranquil shores corroborated his statement. "But," said they, "there is good crabbing," and as a *pis aller* we provided ourselves with the necessary tackle for crab fishing. A few moments brought us to a dock on the opposite side of the Bay, where we found the crabs in such abundance that the water must have literally swarmed with them. Our Commodore cut up some moss bunkers, and tying half a one to the end of

a string for each of us, we commenced operations. At first we fished from the side of our boat, but as the biting was rather slow we changed to the dock, where the "take" was tremendous. The Commodore, with a small net in his hand, had more than he could do to take up the crabs as fast as we hauled them to the surface. To make a long story short, but particularly not to exceed the three columns,—after an hour spent we caught some forty or fifty of the crustacea, and returned homeward with excellent appetites—one capital result of our fishing excursion, a result which it is needless to say we improved upon. In fishing there is two things to be borne in mind—the first is to have plenty of bait; the second not to talk too much, for there is an impression that fish do not like the sound of the human voice.

At half-past four o'clock, the hour fixed for bathing, we made our appearance, in company with a large number of others, on the beach, where we were fortunate enough to procure a bathing box, or a house, as some people facetiously term it. A bathing-house is, in fact, little bigger than a sentry-box, and for this reason it is we suppose that they are rather scantily provided. To be brief, we may say, that the only seat is a rough pine plank, each end of which is nailed to either side of the house, while there is half a dozen nails or as many wooden pegs on which to hang your clothes, and a pail of water to wash the sand off your feet. A few minutes was sufficient to exchange our clothes for a bathing-suit, and having encased ourselves in this, we started out of the house, but what a scene burst upon our astonished gaze as we did so. There were between fifty and a hundred persons, men, women, and children—they had not on the dress that is considered so necessary to constitute gentlemen and ladies—in fact, they were the most democratic looking crowd that we have ever seen. The idea of distinction was simply preposterous, for it was even a difficult matter to distinguish the lords of creation from the fair sex. And then as to the costumes—there were as many hues as in the colored garment of Joseph himself. There was blue, and red, and black, and brown, and green, and yellow—in a word, all the colors of the rainbow, and may that are not in it, though somewhat faded, it must be acknowledged. We have said the gathering was a democratic one, for it is a well-known fact that where the sea has its way, it brings everything and every body down. The waves, those restless noisy children of the winds and waters, are as rude and untamable to-day as they were in the time of Xerxes and Canute, and will not be lashed into obedience, or commanded against their will. True, you may play with them at times when they are mild, and when the gentle whispering wind has lulled them to peace; but when the fierce breath of the tempest is on them, it is madness to try and stem their career or to drive them back. But we are again digressing, and so we will stop short in our reflections to give our attention to this incoming breaker that is curving its head like a high mettled horse before it gives its final plunge. In we rush into the sea to meet it, leaving reflections, and poetry, and everything else aside for the moment. On it comes, curving its head which is already crested with foam, and as it does so we plunge right through it coming out on the other side while it breaks on the shore making "the hollow beach resound," and strewing the sand with the whitest of foam. We shake the water from our head, strike out as lustily as Leander or Byron did when he crossed the Hellespont, and are doing wonders, at least in our own estimation, when another wave, which we do not see, comes rushing and foaming along, boils up around us as it sweeps shoreward, bearing us on with as little respect as if we were a log of wood, or some other inanimate thing, and when it has worked its will leaves us struggling for a foothold on the shifting sand. Now this is very annoying, and so to be revenged we dash right into another and through it, and repeat the operation again and again, but always taking care that we are never caught in the same way. This same surf-bathing is indeed something to remember—it has a pleasure peculiar to itself—it imparts a wild joyousness that delights in battling with the waves, untamed and untamable as they are, and in feeling yourself upborne by them as by a powerful steed that knows no weariness. What if they are

rough, and in their wild play dash you about rudely—you expect this—you go in to be knocked about, and all that you require is to be on your guard against trusting them too far or getting out of easy reach of the land, for they have engulphed many a strong swimmer, and have thrown them cold and lifeless on the beach.

The idea of a pyrotechnic display on a large or a small scale, by the sea shore, may astonish some people, who imagine that the proper place for such sights is a city, and the port of all such a city as the great Metropolis itself, where there is no lack of spectators. However they may be astonished it is none the less a fact that on the 18th of August, 1869, there was quite an exhibition of fireworks on the beach of Long Branch, and we doubt if any Fourth of July display in New York itself was regarded with greater interest. True, it was made up of nothing more than blue lights and Roman Candles, and the supply of these being rather limited, soon gave way, but what there was of it was very good, and pleased the juvenile portion of the lookers-on immensely.

There were many other things to be seen at Long Branch, but what we have described will give our readers a tolerably fair idea of the place, and of some of the ways in which people who go there enjoy themselves. Of all its attractions there is none that equals the bathing in the surf, and we almost fancy that the incessant roar which comes up to us from the great thoroughfare as we write, is that of the breakers at Long Branch, as they dash in foam along the shore.

## CATHOLIC INSTITUTIONS OF OUR METROPOLIS.

Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum in Prince Street, under the Charge of the Sisters of Charity.

It is several weeks since we promised our readers that we should return to our account of this, the first benevolent Catholic institution founded in our Metropolis. We have already told them the difficulties with which it was beset in the commencement, of the untiring zeal and devotion of the Sisters under whose charge it was placed, of the rigid economy they had to practice until their means became sufficient for the more liberal support of themselves and those entrusted to their watchful care and guardianship, of their wretched looking and tumble down frame house, with its blood-stained floors and broken walls and roof that afforded but a partial shelter from the elements; of the true Christian kindness of the friends that Providence raised up for them, and of the success that finally attended their efforts in the establishment of an institution which has been instrumental in the accomplishment of so much practical good. We dwelt with considerable minuteness on these various points in the early history of the Asylum, that our readers might, by the contrast of the past with the present condition of Catholic Charities in our Metropolis, realize what our people have effected in the performance of a great Christian duty. We have avoided everything in our description of the early condition of the institution that might have even the appearance of exaggeration, desiring that our readers should see it as it really existed, and that they should be made acquainted even with the articles of furniture with which the Sisters commenced housekeeping. We have referred to the rigid economy that was practiced in its domestic government, and of the grand revolution which was accomplished in the condition of the latter by the liberal presents which were made by Mr. Heeney, one of the first and, as we should in justice say, the most liberal benefactor of the institution. This, it will be remembered, consisted of one barrel of flour, one of corn-meal, one of buckwheat, two of potatoes, and a hundred other things equally acceptable, and all of which made a wonderful change in the condition of the Asylum. The enterprize upon which the Sisters had entered, and which at first was beset with difficulties that would have discouraged even the most sanguine, now began to wear a more cheering and favorable appearance. Mr. Heeney, Mr. McCarty, Mr. Gottsberger, and other friends, made substantial offerings from time to time; the number of the orphans increased, and in a few years additions were made to the old frame house, which had been improved to the utmost extent of which it was capable. At first



there were but three children; but as time went on, and as the institution became more widely known, friends sprung up for it on every side, and, as a natural consequence, the demands on its benevolence became more numerous. The old frame house, and the additions that had been made to it, became inadequate in the course of a few years to the accommodation of the children, and it was determined to erect a structure that would be more suitable to the wants and the rapid growth of the institution. In 1817 the Asylum was established under the circumstances already described, and in some seven or eight years a new and handsome edifice was erected upon the site of that old tumble-down dwelling in which the three Sisters of Charity first commenced their zealous labors in behalf of the destitute orphan. Our readers are already aware, from the reports which have been published in *The Record*, of the success which has attended the institution up to the present, and how, from such a beginning, two of the greatest and most deserving charities in our great metropolis have sprung into existence. Many of the children of both sexes who have been brought up under the kind care and religious training of these good Sisters, now occupy honorable positions in society, respected by all who know them for those Christian virtues which were implanted in their hearts by their devoted and zealous instructors. Not a few of these, gratefully remembering how much they owe the institution, visit it often, and, to their credit, and the credit of human nature, be it said, they are, to the extent of their means, among its most substantial friends.

The present building, which was erected in 1835, is situated on the corner of Prince and Mott sts., and extends over half a block. At the time it was completed, it was justly regarded as one of the largest and finest buildings of the kind in the city, and even now, it still holds a prominent position among such edifices. It is five stories high, including the basement, and occupies nearly half the block between the streets already named. Within the last two years an extensive addition has been made to it on the Mott street side, and with this enlargement, it has been made to afford accommodation to about three hundred and forty orphans. The interior of the building is admirably adapted to the purposes for which it was designed, and will well repay a visit from any of our readers who may desire to learn, from actual observation, how the institution is conducted. For the large number who are unable to do so, the following results of our own inspection of its various departments, and of what we saw, as well as what we learned from the Sisters, to whose kindness we are indebted for much of our information, may be read with some interest and profit.

We have said that the building is five stories high, including the basement, and as the basement forms a very important feature in the domestic economy of the institution, we have something to say about its various parts. It is here the refectories are situated, of which there are four altogether—three for the children, and one for the Sisters, of whom there are twenty-three in the Asylum. They are well ventilated, and exhibit the same scrupulous cleanliness and order which is observable throughout the whole building. On the occasion of our visit, the tables were laid, and it was a pleasant sight to see the care and the kindness which was manifested by the good Sisters in the provision made for their numerous little charges. Adjoining the refectories is the bread room, and it is sufficient to say that it was well supplied, and with the best quality, for in the government of the institution there is none of that ill-judged economy that would reduce the expenses at the sacrifice of anything that is necessary to the health and proper physical development of the children. On the same floor with the refectories and the kitchen and pantry, in which the Sisters take their turn at the work, and the work that is necessary to provide for three hundred and forty children is of the most laborious character. Of this, however, no complaint ever comes from the good Sisters, who work from year's end to year's end for the benefit of others, and with a self-abnegation that the world cannot understand. As it is desirable that the children should be capable of doing housework, they are instructed in washing and ironing, and everything else that is necessary. Only the oldest girls, however, are put to this kind of work, and they are

employed at it from three to four hours a day. On the same floor with the refectories, there are ironing and washing-rooms, and a few steps below the level of these bring you into the bake-house, in which from six to seven barrels of flour are every day converted into bread. These three departments—that is, the ironing and washing-rooms and the bake-house—are in that part of the building which has been added to the main structure, and to which we have already referred. Immediately above these is a fine airy school-room, in which about ninety children were assembled when we entered, and all of whom appeared to be in excellent health. The dispensary is in the next story, and it was gratifying to know it was wholly vacant, as there is no sickness in the institution. The children, we were informed, have been remarkably exempt from those summer diseases which are sometimes so terribly fatal to the young. One of the sisters is specially appointed to the charge of this important department, and the experience which is obtained in it by a practical acquaintance with the pharmacopoeia and the various diseases to which children are subject, renders the visits of the physicians frequently little more than a mere matter of form. Here in this department the same cleanliness which is so marked a feature in all our institutions forced itself upon the attention. This, however will not be wondered at, when it is known that it is a duty which is religiously performed. It is, in fact, to the strict observance of this necessary condition to health, that the institution is indebted for its vacant dispensary and the healthy appearance of its youthful inmates.

In our next article we shall conclude our description of the interior of the Asylum, and be prepared to take up the next on the list of our charitable institutions.

#### IMPRESSIVE RELIGIOUS CEREMONY.

Profession of a Sister of Mercy at St. Catherine's Convent.

On Tuesday, the 16th inst., the ceremony of Profession took place in the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, Houston street, and as a matter deeply interesting to our readers, we purpose describing that solemn and touching ceremony.

The young lady who made her vows and received the black veil of a professed Religious was Miss Agnes Grant—in religion Sister Mary Aloysius.

Standing, as the Convent does, one block from Broadway, we, passed in the course of a few minutes, from the din and bustle of the city, in which every one is struggling to gain wealth or temporal distinction, to the quiet and repose of the Convent, where nobler hopes were cherished and a loftier ambition reigned. Never was there a more striking contrast presented! Without personal aims, without unselfish philanthropy—without the love of self, within the love of all in One—without the workers for Time, within the laborers for Eternity. This contrast, which is felt rather than recognized, under ordinary circumstances, was on this occasion more striking than usual, and made a deeper impression on the mind. No one could have entered the Convent on that morning not the least impressionable person, without feeling the subtle influence of the world, for a time at least, neutralized and counteracted by its purer atmosphere.

The beautiful little chapel of the Convent wore a festive look, for the altar was tastefully adorned with flowers, snowy as lilies or glowing as carnations, arranged in fragrant clusters or ingeniously trained to resemble arches, and through the stained windows, rich in scriptural illustrations, a flood of light poured in upon the carved stalls and mosaic flooring. In this chapel the profession took place.

At the appointed hour the Religious entered the church in procession; the choir, composed of members of the Community, singing the hymn *O Gloriosa Virginum*. First entered the cross-bearer, next the novices, after them the professed nuns, and last the Superioress holding the Novice's right hand and the Assistant accompanying her on the left. As the Sisters entered, two by two, wearing their white choir cloaks over the black habits of the Order, and carrying lighted candles, the scene was more than impressive. The candidate for the black veil knelt in the centre of the choir, and on a table near her was placed pen, ink, and the solemn

Act of Profession by which she dedicated herself to a religious life.

As soon as the Community had taken their places, Very Rev. Mr. Starrs, V. G., who officiated, entered, attended by Rev. Messrs. McNeirney and Barry. Kneeling at the foot of the altar, he intoned the *Veni Creator Spiritus*, which was sung by the choir, the Religious all kneeling. At the conclusion of the preliminary ceremonies, the Vicar General addressed an appropriate and affecting discourse to the Novice on the duties and responsibilities of the life to which, through the mercy of God, she had been called. He spoke in substance as follows, taking his text from the sixteenth chapter of Matthew, 24th, 25th, and 26th verses:—"Then Jesus said to his disciples: If any man will come after me let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me.

"For he that will save his life shall lose it; and he that shall lose his life for my sake, shall find it.

"For what doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul? Or what exchange shall a man give for his soul?"

After dwelling on the text some time, the Rev. preacher referred to the obligations she incurred by embracing a religious life, and dwelt particularly on the goodness of God in calling her to serve Him in that holy state, and the unceasing gratitude she owed Him for choosing her from among so many and sheltering her in that safe harbor from the temptations of the world. He then proceeded to say—My child, I congratulate you on the wisdom you have displayed in your choice of a state of life—that true and heavenly wisdom for which Mary was commended;—you like her, have chosen the better part, constrained thereto by the grace of God alone.

Your renunciation of the world has been your own voluntary act, and He who, by His grace has enabled you to make this sacrifice, will also grant you the still greater grace of perseverance and fidelity to the vows you have this day so solemnly made—those three great vows—Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience. The reverend speaker commented at some length on these evangelical virtues, and reminded the novice that the entire detachment of the spirit and the affections from the things of this world was the very essence of the first; that this virtue did not consist so much in not possessing as in not setting the heart on anything earthly. The second insures that purity of heart which makes it a worthy dwelling-place for the Divine Spouse; and the third is the sacrifice of our own will to the will of God, made known to us through our superiors. After some further remarks, the very reverend gentleman proceeded to speak of the popular idea of a convent entertained by those outside of the Church; that it was a place of sadness and gloom—a prison, in which the inmates were never seen to smile, and where they passed their lives in hopeless misery. But, he continued, you, my child, know how to estimate the truth of these ideas. You know that here alone true happiness and true liberty are to be found. "Where the spirit of God is, there is liberty." Religion places us above the fleeting follies and fashions of this world, releases us from her tyranny, and makes us truly free—free to obey the commands of God in all things, and follow Him whithersoever He call. This is the Christian's true liberty.

At the conclusion of his discourse, the very reverend gentleman, taking his seat before the altar, interrogated the kneeling novice as follows, she replying to each question in a clear, unhesitating tone:

Celebrant—My child, what do you demand?

Novice—Very reverend father, I most humbly beg to be received to the Holy Profession.

Celebrant—My child, do you consider yourself sufficiently instructed in what regards the vows of religion and the rules and constitutions of this institute, and do you know the obligations you contract by the Holy Profession?

Novice—Yes, reverend father, with the grace of God.

Celebrant—May God grant you perseverance in this your holy resolution, and may He deign, in His mercy, to consummate what He has begun. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

The Adorable Sacrifice was then offered up by the Very Rev. Mr. Starrs, the nuns occupying their places in the stalls, and the novice

retaining her kneeling position in the centre of the choir. Near the close the Confrater was repeated, and the Vicar-General, accompanied by the assistant clergymen, after the words, "*Domine non sum dignus*," approached the novice, holding the Adorable Sacrament before her eyes. While kneeling she pronounced, in a low, firm voice, her vows of "Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience, and the service of the poor, sick, and ignorant." Taking a pen from the Superiores, who knelt at her right hand, the novice made a cross after her signature, which had been previously affixed to the Act of Profession, and the solemn document, thus perfected, was passed to the assistant, to be deposited in the archives of the convent. There the vows of the community remain until drawn thence to be placed in the hands of each sister, as she departs from this world to receive her reward in the next.

The newly professed Religious then received the Blessed Sacrament, and the prayers proceeded, the celebrant putting up petitions to Heaven for her that she may worthily wear the habit of religion and persevere in the service of God to the end. At the conclusion of the prayers, the newly professed rose and repeated aloud, "Thou hast held me by the right hand, and by Thy will Thou hast conducted me, and with glory Thou hast received me"—the Religious responding in concert, "For what have I in Heaven? and besides Thee, what do I desire upon earth?" Again the newly professed Sister spoke aloud: "For Thee my flesh and my heart hath fainted away; Thou art the God of my heart and the God that is my portion forever." And again the Religious responded: "For what have I in Heaven? And besides Thee, what do I desire upon earth?" Then the choir commenced singing the antiphon, *Veni Spem Christi*, and the newly professed Religious, kneeling before the Vicar General, repeated three times, *Suscipe me Dominum*. "Uphold me according to Thy word and I shall live, and let me not be confounded in my expectation. Amen." The black veil was then brought from the altar and substituted for the white one worn during the period of Novitiate, the choir in the meanwhile singing an appropriate antiphon. The ring was then brought from the altar and placed by the Celebrant on the third finger of her left hand, after which, rising, she said aloud: "I am espoused to Him whom the angels serve—whose beauty the sun and moon admire."

There is something inexpressibly solemn in a religious profession, with the renunciation of the world and its enjoyments which it necessitates, its never relaxing round of duties, the sacrifice of self-will which it inculcates, and the sundering of family ties which it renders inevitable. Deeply must they who embrace the religious life have pondered on the words of our Saviour, and principally on these: "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me." And as the newly professed nun prostrated herself before the altar and lay there apparently without breath or motion, as if she were really and not figuratively dead to the world, one realized the depth and intensity of the feeling that peoples our Convents and makes delicate women fearlessly expose themselves to contagion and death to aid their suffering fellow-creatures. While she remained prostrate the glorious, exulting strains of the *Te Deum*, exquisitely sung by the Sisters in the organ-loft, pealed round the vaulted roof, and sounded like a celestial rejoicing over the new member who had that day joined the Community. At the conclusion of the *Te Deum* and the prayers that followed, Sister Aloysius rose, her countenance radiant with happiness, and, kneeling before the Superiores, received her congratulatory and welcoming embrace, and then passed through the different stalls, giving and receiving a Sister's affectionate greeting. The psalm, *Ecce quam bonum*—"Behold how good and pleasant it is," etc.—was then sung by the choir, and at its conclusion the Religious retired in the same order in which they entered.

A grand festival is to take place at Jones Wood on Wednesday, August 31, in aid of the schools of the Transfiguration Church. The Second and Third avenue cars run continually every two minutes, through Chatham street and Bowery, to Jones' Wood; steamboats, also, leave Peek Slip Ferry every half hour, calling at other convenient places. Should the weather not prove favorable the festival will be held on the next convenient day, of which due notice will be given.



## CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

## DOMESTIC.

**VISIT OF THE MOST REVEREND ARCHBISHOP OF BALTIMORE—ANNUAL RETREAT OF THE PRIESTS AND BROTHERS OF THE HOLY CROSS.**—The following, which has been sent us by a correspondent, will be read with much interest:

On the 4th of August, the Most Reverend Archbishop, accompanied by his Secretary, Rev. Mr. Foley, on his return from St. Louis, diverged from the usual route, in order that he might visit Notre Dame, where His Grace remained the greater part of two days. The unexpected arrival of His Grace was certainly a joyful event, and most cordially welcomed by the Rev. Father Provincial. At the time of the visit, the entire community were making their annual retreat under the direction of the Reverend Superior of the Redemptionists of Philadelphia, and the deep religious silence which for several days had rested over the beautiful grounds of Our Lady was musically and joyfully broken by the deep melodious chiming of the twenty-three bells of the Church tower, as they proclaimed in full glad notes the welcome of Notre Dame to the Most Venerable Archbishop Kenrick. And this was the first intimation the community had of the distinguished arrival.

The exercises of the Retreat were rendered still more fruitful by the holy words of instruction addressed to the religious, by His Grace.

The day after his arrival he said mass in the Conventual Church of the Sacred Heart. This was the festival of St. Mary ad Nieves—a feast of particular devotion to the congregation of Holy Cross in the United States, it being the anniversary of the first Priest of the Order leaving the Mother House to commence his missionary labors in what was then the wilds of Indiana. Since that festival of 1842, when his efforts were directed to establish institutions of learning for the rich and the poor of both sexes, wonderfully has our Lady ad Nieves blessed his labors. Seventy houses of the order have been established in the United States; and on this seventeenth anniversary of his departure from Europe with only six Brothers, he knelt in the Church of the Sacred Heart, surrounded by Priests, Seminarians, and Brothers of the Order, to receive the blessing of the most venerated Archbishop.

In the afternoon his Grace visited St. Mary's, one mile from Notre Dame. This is the principal establishment of the Sisters of the Order, embracing a Novitiate Academy, Industrial School, and School for the Deaf Mutes. The Retreat of the Sisters ended a few days before the arrival of the Archbishop. At its close, eleven young ladies received the white veil, taking, in religion, the following names: Miss McNicol, Sister M. of St. Ephrem.

Miss A. O'Connor, Sister M. of St. Marcellina.

Miss Snow, Sister M. of St. Helena.

Miss Kunze, Sister M. of St. Gertrude.

Miss M. O'Connor, Sister M. of St. Monica.

Miss McGinn, Sister M. of St. Winifred.

Miss Carden, Sister M. of St. Melania.

Miss Davelin, Sister M. of St. Hilary.

Miss Coll, Sister M. of St. Dorisheus.

Miss Gregory, Sister M. of St. Sebastian.

NOTRE DAME, AUGUST 9th, 1859.

## VIATOR.

**TWO MORE LABORERS GONE TO THEIR REST.**—The Rev. C. H. Schultes, pastor of St. Ann's Jennings county, Indiana, died near his residence on the 26th ult. He had been suffering from occasional illness for a year or more, but on the 25th ult., feeling himself much better than usual, he attempted to pay a friendly visit to the neighboring clergyman, Rev. Mr. Doyle; but scarcely had he gone about one mile on his journey when an attack of fever compelled him to stop at the house of one of his parishioners, where he died next day. He was in the fortieth year of his age.

Father Ulric Sftold, a native of Suabia, died on the 22d ult., at the Benedictine Monastery in Butler county, Pennsylvania, diocese of Pittsburgh. In his nineteenth year he offered himself for the American mission, to the Rt. Rev. Abbot, Boniface Wiemer, whom he met in Munich, and from whose hands, not long after, he received the Benedictine habit. He was for some years Professor and Director at St. Vincent's Monastery. He died in the twenty-seventh year of his age, and sixth of his priesthood.

For the above facts we are indebted to The Wahreits-Freund, of Cincinnati.

THE NEW CHURCH AT NORRISTOWN—LAY-

ING OF THE CORNER STONE ON SUNDAY AFTERNOON, AUGUST 14.—The following facts in regard to this interesting ceremony are obtained from a report in The Philadelphia Herald and Visitor of the 20th inst.:

An immense throng assembled at Norristown on Sunday afternoon last to witness the imposing ceremonies attendant upon the laying of the corner stone of the new Church of St. Patrick. We have already given a brief account of this church, and had expressed the hope that, on this occasion, there would be a good attendance on the part of the Catholics of this city and other places, and we must confess that the number of people assembled around the spot greatly exceeded our most sanguine expectations.

In the morning Mass was celebrated at 10 1-2 o'clock, at which Right Rev. Bishop Neuman attended. The church was filled to its utmost capacity, many being compelled to remain outside for want of room within. The weather was very warm and sultry, but no one seemed to think of personal comfort amid the solemn offerings of devotion. We are convinced at this time, more than ever, that the church is too small for the congregation, and hence the reason why the people of Norristown should rejoice that a new church is being erected. We are informed by the beloved pastor, Rev. Father O'Donoghue, that, although there are twelve churches in that place, of different sects, St. Patrick's Church has a larger attendance than all combined.

An excellent choir, under the efficient direction of Prof. Holstein, the organist, sang several very beautiful hymns. Among those from Philadelphia we noticed Miss Mary Alexander of the Church of the Assumption, who sang her part in Ledder's Mass with fine effect. We also noticed in the choir Mr. John Comfort, Thomas Comfort, John White, Sam'l O'Neil, Francis Tomley, Richard Fagan, Michael Conway, and others; also Miss Rosanna Brady, Mrs. Kennedy, Miss Catherine O'Donnell, and numerous others. "O Jesu Deus" and "Triumph in Zion" were well given.

The sermon in the morning was delivered by the Right Rev. Bishop, and was listened to with the deepest interest.

The time fixed for laying the corner-stone was four o'clock in the afternoon. At two o'clock a large train of cars came up from Phenixville, and at about three o'clock another train from Philadelphia, stopping at Manayunk, Conshohocken, and other places; both trains being well filled. A procession of the clergy was then formed, which moved from the old church towards the spot where the stone was to be laid. The Right Rev. Bishop then proceeded with the usual ceremonies, which lasted nearly half an hour, and were conducted entirely in Latin. The litany of the Saints was sung, after which the procession moved towards the platform erected for the occasion. Here the choir was in attendance, and sang several hymns. "Ave Maria Stella," "Spirit Creator" and others.

In the corner-stone were deposited several articles, among which was an inscription, on a large sheet of parchment, of which the following is a translation:—

"To the Most High God, in honor of St. Patrick, the corner-stone of this church is laid by the Right Rev. J. M. Neuman, Bishop of Philadelphia, in the year 1859, in the month of August, on the day preceding the triumphal ascension of the Blessed Virgin into Heaven, in the thirtieth year of the reign of Pope Pius XI, Jeremiah O'Donoghue preaching to the multitude, James Buchanan being President of the Federal Republic, William F. Parker, Governor of the State of Pennsylvania, Charles Garber, Chief Magistrate of Norristown, with a number of the clergy present, and a vast number of people animated with great joy."

Among the clergymen present we noticed Rev. Father Laughran, of St. Michael's; Father Kelly, of St. Philip's; Father Pascher, of St. John's; Drs. O'Hara and Branigan, of St. Patrick's; Philadelphia; Rev. Father Mulholland, Manayunk; Rev. Father O'Farrell, Phenixville; Rev. Father McGovern, Frankford, and others.

The sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Moriarty, O.S.A., who was heard with the greatest attention. At the conclusion of the discourse, the Right Rev. Bishop pronounced the Apostolic Benediction, and at a late hour the vast assemblage separated.

## FOREIGN.

**RELIGIOUS PROFESSION AND RECEPTION IN ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, TORONTO.**—The large congregation assembled on last Wednesday, 17th inst., in St. Paul's Church, witnessed an interesting and impressive ceremony. It was the reception of four young ladies, who took, on that day, the holy habit of religion. Seven others, whose time of probation was over,

were admitted to the usual vows of Poverty, Chastity and Obedience. The young ladies who received the religious habit were Miss Lyons, in religion Sister Mary Clotilde; Miss Bird, who was called Sister St. Peter; Miss Bropho, who received the name of Sister Mary Gonzaga, and Miss Shimmers, whose religious name is Sister Mary Celestine. The professed sisters were Miss Mary Ann Blany, Sister Mary Elizabeth; Miss Bridget Hane, Sister Stanislas; Miss Julia McKay, Sister Teresa Augustine; Miss Sarah King, Sister Mary Catherine; Miss Mary Farley, Sister Bonaventura; Miss Ann O'Keeffe, Sister Mary Baptista.

This solemn ceremony was performed by his lordship Bishop de Charbonnel, assisted by Very Rev. J. M. Bruyere, V.G., and Rev. J. Ray. The clergy present on the occasion were Rev. Messrs. Proulx, Oshawa; Rooney, Pastor of St. Paul's; Walsh, Pastor of St. Mary's; Gibart and Kennedy, Professors of St. Michael's College; Conway of Streetsville; Donahoe of St. Michael's Cathedral. Previous to the ceremony those about to receive the habit and to be professed were addressed by Rev. Father Walsh of St. Mary's, who spoke eloquently on the nature of a religious life, and on the three religious vows in particular. The music of the choir did great credit to the performers, while it delighted the large audience. The community of St. Joseph numbers over seventy members. Besides Toronto, where they conduct Select Schools, in Ontario, Quebec, and elsewhere, in the world, they have several branches of their Order at Niagara, St. Catharines, Barrie and Oshawa. Thus it is that the grain of mustard seed has increased with most wonderful rapidity. A few years since four Sisters of this excellent Society arrived at Toronto, and commenced, under the auspices of his lordship de Charbonnel, the great work of their benevolent mission, whose prosperous condition we now behold.

[Canadian Freeman, August 19.]

**INTERESTING FRENCH RELIGIOUS NEWS.**—We translate the following from The Univers:—One of the most important manifestations, in view of the example which it furnishes, and as a protest against the material tendencies of the age, will take place at an early day in Boulogne Sur Mer. The crypt of the Church of Notre Dame, one of those glorious monuments of the piety of our fathers, as remarkable for the precious memories it recalls as for its vast proportions, will be the theatre of this religious ceremony. In the principal chapel of this immense subterranean church, a beautiful stone altar has been raised, which will be dedicated to St. Vincent de Paul, and will be consecrated in this present month of August by one of our most eminent prelates, at the expiration of a three days' retreat—Mgr. Haffreingue, domestic prelate to his Holiness. The Conferences of Belgium, England, Ireland, Scotland, and the north of France have been invited to be present on this occasion. Boulogne is admirably situated for such a reunion, as it is particularly accessible to deputations from these countries either by railroad or packet-boats. There five different people would be represented, and their prayers would rise and mingle together in these religious meetings. Such a project only requires to be known, in order to be signally successful, and this eminently Catholic Congress will show to all that religion has preserved the secret of social regeneration, and that through her all people are brothers in Him who reunites perfect and serves them.

**CATHOLIC CHARITIES IN THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT.**—In reply to Mr. Hutt, Sir C. Lewis said that he intended to move for leave to introduce a bill to continue the exemption of Roman Catholic charities from the jurisdiction of the Charity Commissioners.

Mr. Hutt intimated that he would give the introduction of the bill all the opposition in his power.

**CONFERENCE OF THE IRISH PRELATES.**—All the Archbishops and Bishops of the Church in Ireland, with the exception of Right Rev. Dr. Blake, Bishop of Dromore, who could not be present in consequence of ill health, assembled on Tuesday, in the Chapel of St. Kevin, attached to the Cathedral Church, for the purpose of taking into consideration several questions of great importance to the Catholics of Ireland. His Grace Most Rev. Dr. Cullen, Archbishop of Dublin, presided. The other Archbishops and Bishops present were: Most Rev. Dr. Dixon, Lord Primate; Most Rev. Dr. McHale, Archbishop of Tuam; Most Rev. Dr. Leahy, Archbishop of Cashel; Right Rev. Dr. Cantwell, Lord Bishop of Meath; Right Rev. Dr. Walsh, Lord Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin; Right Rev. Dr. Walsh, Lord Bishop of Ossory; Right Rev. Dr. Furlong, Lord Bishop of Ferns; Right Rev. Dr. Delany, Lord Bishop of Cork; Right Rev. Dr. Flannery, Lord Bishop of Killaloe;

Right Rev. Dr. Moriarty, Lord Bishop of Kerry; Right Rev. Dr. Ryan, Lord Bishop of Limerick; Right Rev. Dr. O'Brien, Lord Bishop of Waterford and Lismore; Right Rev. Dr. Kane, Lord Bishop of Cloyne; Right Rev. Dr. O'Hea, Lord Bishop of Ross; Right Rev. Dr. Derry, Lord Bishop of Clogher; Right Rev. Dr. Durcan, Lord Bishop of Achonry; Right Rev. Dr. Gilcoyle, Lord Bishop of Elphin; Right Rev. Dr. Fallon, Lord Bishop of Kilmacduagh and Killynora; Right Rev. Dr. Feeney, Lord Bishop of Killaloe; Right Rev. Dr. McEvilly, Lord Bishop of Galway; Right Rev. Dr. Kelly, Lord Bishop of Derry; Right Rev. Dr. McNally, Lord Bishop of Clogher; Right Rev. Dr. McGettigan, Lord Bishop of Raphoe; Right Rev. Dr. McGettigan, Conductor Bishop of do.; Right Rev. Dr. Deavir, Lord Bishop of Down and Connor; Right Rev. Dr. Browne, Lord Bishop of Kilmore; Right Rev. Dr. Kilduff, Lord Bishop of Ardagh, and Right Rev. Dr. Leahy, Conductor Lord Bishop of Dromore. Their lordships went in procession to the side chapel, where the proceedings of the conference, which was strictly private, commenced. The conference sat up to 4 o'clock, when their lordships adjourned to the following day.

**NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH OF RAHENY.**—The want of a Catholic church in this village has been long felt, particularly by the humbler classes of the inhabitants. A beautiful site, adjoining the old Rath, opposite the Protestant church, has been most kindly given by Mr. Moore. On Sunday a numerous and highly respectable meeting was held at Raheny, for the purpose of adopting measures requisite for erecting a suitable church as soon as possible. Among those present we observed Aldermen D'Arcy and Campbell, Edward M'Vey, Esq., T. C.; William Thompson, and John Higgs, Esqs.; Rev. C. Rooney, P. P.; Rev. M. Brady, C. C.; Messrs. M'Gowan, Crowe, Reid, Mulvaney, Rooney, &c. The chair was taken by the Very Rev. C. Rooney, P. P. A resolution was proposed by Aldermen D'Arcy and seconded by Alderman Campbell "That the thanks of the parishioners are eminently due to Mr. Moore for his generous gift of a beautiful site for the new church." A subscription was commenced and a sum of nearly £400 realized, including £100 the munificent donation of Daniel Leach, Esq., J. T., Manchester. Dublin Telegraph, August 6.

**DEDICATION OF THE NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH AT CLONROCHE.**—On Monday, the 18th August, the sublime and interesting ceremony of dedicating the new Catholic church at Clonroche, to the honor and glory of the Most High, under the auspices of His blessed Mother, with the title of "Help of Christians," was performed by the Lord Bishop of the Diocese, the Right Rev. Dr. Furlong, assisted by a number of clergy of the district. Shortly after 11 o'clock a procession, formed of little female children, neatly dressed in white, each bearing a bouquet of flowers, came out from the vestry two and two, preceded by a cross bearer, supported by torch bearers, followed by the Bishop and clergy in the same order, the former robed in full pontificals. The procession moved round the exterior and interior of the church, the choir chanting the *Miserere*, the proper prayers, and the Litany of the Saints, with admirable effect. High Mass, *coram episcopo*, ensued, celebrant the Rev. Thomas Roach; deacon, Rev. M. Warren; sub-deacon, Rev. John Hore; deacon at the throne, Rev. W. Murphy (Enniscairthy); master of ceremonies, Rev. J. Parle. Among the other clergy present we observed the Rev. Abraham Brownrigg, pastor of the parish; Rev. F. Prendergast, P. P., Davidstown; Rev. Nicholas Furlong, P. P., Newbawn; Rev. John Dunne, P. P., Sutton's Parish; Rev. Myles Down, P. P., Rathnew; Rev. Peter Dunne, C. C., Glebeville; Rev. James Walsh, C. C., Postleasy; Rev. John Keating, C. C., Courtmacuddy; Rev. George Racard, C. C., Kilmeshall, &c. M. Breen, the organist of the Franciscan church in this town, assisted by his very efficient choir, presided at the harmonium, and gave the *Gloria*, the *Credo* and the *Sandus* in superior style; indeed, the solemn strains of the *Credo*—"et Homo factus est"—was delivered with a pathos and expression that we have never heard excelled. The *Te Missa* est was given by Rev. Mr. Brownrigg himself, in that fine, rich, deep baritone with which he is gifted, and filled the whole temple with melody. After the Gospel Rev. Father Bernard, of the Order of Passionists, preached the dedication sermon, taking for his text a passage from the office for the dedication of churches, "This is the house of the Lord," &c. We have seldom heard a more beautiful or able discourse, or one that appealed more forcibly to the heart and affections. The new church is a plain, well conceived building, combining utility with beauty, and when decorated will present a very interesting aspect. It is a simple parallelogram, 80 feet long, 30 feet wide and 28 feet high in the eave. The principal benefactor is the present noble Lieutenant of the county, Lord Carew, who bestowed an acre of land,



rent free for ever, accompanied by the munificent donation of £150. Moreover, he has given eight or nine acres, at a very reduced rent, to the Parish Priest, in order to render him independent and comfortable, and left directions with his gardener and forester to supply all such flowers, shrubs and trees as may be required for the embellishment and improvement of the approaches to the church. After the ceremonies of the day the Rev. Pastor entertained the Bishop, clergy, and some of the laity at dinner, when the health of his Majesty (Right Rev. Dr. Farlow), the lords of the soil (Lord Carew), the benefactors of the church, the Passionist Fathers, who had just closed a laborious and useful mission, and other toasts were pledged with all the honors, after which the company separated, delighted with the proceedings of the day.

[Wexford Independent.]

**RELIGIOUS PROFESSIONS.**—On Thursday last, August 4, in the chapel attached to the Convent of Our Lady's Mount, Harold's-cross, three postulants were solemnly received into the Order of the Sisters of Charity and clothed in the habit of the holy sisterhood. Miss Lyons, of Cork, in religion Sister Frances Scallan; Miss Owen, of Dublin, in religion Sister Mary Anthony; and Miss M. A. Flynn, in religion Sister Mary Joseph Ursula, sister of the Rev Patrick J. Flynn, C.C., Waterford, were the young ladies who took this important step preliminary to their ultimate settlement in the sanctuary. The imposing ceremony was performed by Very Rev. Dr. Maugher, P.P., V.G. in presence of a large body of the clergy and several relatives and friends, and terminated by a benediction of the most adorable sacrament.

On the 11th July, at the Séminaire des Filles de la Charité, 140 Rue de Bae, Paris, the solemn and impressive ceremony of profession was taken by the vows by Very Rev. Dr. Maugher, P.P., V.G. in presence of a large body of the clergy and several relatives and friends, and terminated by a benediction of the most adorable sacrament.

[Wexford People.]

**CONFIRMATION.**—On Monday 25th July his Grace the Archbishop held confirmation in the parish church of Kiltullagh. There was a very large congregation present on the holy occasion. The sermon was preached with characteristic unction by the Rev. Peter Ward, P.P., Williamstown. On Tuesday his Grace proceeded to the Chapel of Clonfad, and conferred the rich and manifold blessings of the same Sacrament to the youth of that part of the parish. The Rev. Mr. Monaghan, C.C., Kilkerrin, preached a very instructive discourse with his well-known ability. Upwards of one thousand were confirmed on both days. His Grace, with the numerous attending clergy, were entertained in a most hospitable manner, during his Grace's stay in Kiltullagh, by the Rev. P. Corcoran, at the Monastery. His Grace returned to town on Wednesday.

[Tuan Herald.]

Two Sisters of Charity, accompanied by two Lazarist Missioners, the Rev. Messrs. Laferrière and Mulleval, embarked on the 21st instant at Havre, on board the ship Racine, for Buenos Ayres, where they have been invited by the municipality of that important city, to take charge of the General Hospital.

**DEATH OF RIGHT REV. DR. VAUGHAN, BISHOP OF KILLALOE.**—We regret to announce the death of Right Rev. Dr. Vaughan, Bishop of Killaloe. The venerated Prelate breathed his last at his residence on Friday, July 29, after an illness of considerable duration, in which he bore his infirmity with the uncomplaining patience befitting his holy life and the position he held in the church. The Right Rev. Prelate is succeeded in the government of the diocese by the Right Rev. Dr. Flannery, to whom respect and attachment have already universally accrued among the priests and people, and to whom the high qualities that adorn the episcopate are known to belong. The deceased bishop was a paternal head to his clergymen, and had Providence willed him physical health, we believe he would have led them, as he was disposed at the outset, through every struggle for the people's rights—a governor under whose guidance all would cohere. The Right Rev. Prelate was in the 69th year of his age.

His lordship's remains were conveyed early on Monday morning to the church of Nenagh, where they were visited by crowds of the faithful, and where they lay till after Office and High Mass, which were attended by nearly all the clergy of the diocese who could possibly be present. After High Mass the coffin was lowered into the vault prepared for its reception within the church, and the immense congregation separated, not without being impressed with a lively sensation that the grave was seldom closed over a prelate who had won for himself so large an amount of the best feelings of all who enjoyed the privilege of his acquaintance.

**EPISCOPAL APPOINTMENTS IN FRANCE.**—Mgr. Menjaud, Bishop of Nancy, and first chaplain to the Emperor, has been named Archbishop of Bourges, in the room of Mgr. Dupont, deceased. Mgr. Desprez, Bishop of Limoges, is appointed to the Archbishopric of Toulouse, vacant by the death of Mgr. Mioland. The Abbe Obre, Vicar-General of Beauvais, succeeds Mgr. Menjaud in the Bishopric of Nancy, and the Abbe Fruschaud, Vicar-General of Angoulême, replaces Mgr. Desprez at Limoges. The Abbe Epizet, curé of the Cathedral of St. Briec, is named to the Bishopric of Aire, vacant by the death of Mgr. Hiraboure.

**MARTYRDOM OF AN ANNAMITE PRIEST.**—The Regeneration of Madrid contains a letter from the Rev. Father Francis Gainza, Dominican missionary in Cochín China, giving an account of the martyrdom of the Annamite priest, Paul Le-Van-Loc, beheaded at Saigon the day before the taking of that city by the Franco-Spanish forces. Mgr. Lefevre, Vicar-Apostolic of Eastern Cochín China, who had known the venerable martyr from his youth, and had educated and ordained him, has written his biography. The martyr was only twenty-eight years old. He had spent two years at Pulo Penang, in the Seminary of the Foreign Missions, and was greatly esteemed by Europeans for his instructive conversation. Denounced by a pagan woman who knew him, he was arrested in December last, when the persecution was being heightened in intensity by the rage of the mandarins at the Franco-Spanish expedition. After withstanding all the tortures of the tribunal, and encouraging by his example other Christians who were tried along with him, he was condemned to be beheaded, and his sentence returned to Saigon on the 13th of February, approved and ratified by the king. The following day, while the cannonade of the allies was heard in the distance, he was led out to execution, and after having been bound to a stake, his head was severed with four strokes. His body and head were in the evening taken up by two Christians and buried with all religious honors. The staff commander of the allies, Don Miguel Primo de Rivera, had the good fortune of finding in the fortress the vestments used by the venerable martyr in saying mass, and which had served to convict him of priesthood before the mandarins. Mgr. Lefevre, informed of this, granted them to the king, as the Spanish regiment which distinguished itself at the taking of Saigon. Father Gainza had the privilege of obtaining the altar crucifix of the venerable Paul Le-Van-Loc.

#### ECCLÉSIASTICAL MISCELLANEOUS.

A decree has been published in Rome, confirming the saintly honors paid for ages in the diocese of Constance (Normandy) to the blessed Thomas Helye, chaplain of King St. Louis, and priest of that diocese. A decree of information on the miracles due to the intercession of the venerable Maria Christina of Savoy, mother of the present King of Naples, has also been published.

[Union.]

A letter from Constantinople, in The Univers, says that Mr. Edward Zohar, late Consul General for the Porte in London, has just been named as *chargé d'affaires* of the Sultan at the Holy See. Mr. Zohar is a sincere Catholic. He will set out for the metropolis of Christendom in the course of next September.

The Paris municipality are about to erect a magnificent facade for the church of St. Gustache, so famous for its Renaissance style. M. Baltard, the city architect, is to direct the works. The central tower over the transept is also to be added to the church, besides the western tower which is to form a part of the front.

[Ami de la Religion.]

The subscription to erect a colossal statue, to be called "Our Lady of France," on the rock in the middle of the town of Pay, already amounts to 314,916f.

A letter from Florence, in The Piemonte, says: "Lawyer Salvagnoli, Minister for Ecclesiastical Affairs of the Tuscan Revolutionary Government, had addressed to the Holy Father a despatch, naming a candidate for the vacant See of Pistoia. Pius IX. folded the despatch, after having read it, and had it simply directed back to the Signor Avvocato Salvagnoli."

The Catholic paper of Turin, The Armenia, has lately been condemned by the Tribunal of the First Degree to 1,000f. fine and two months of suspension, besides two months imprisonment for the editor, on account of an article in defence of the Pontifical Government in the affair of Perugia. The Piemonte had lately been purchased by the courageous editors of The Armenia.

After the lapse of more than fourteen hundred years, the first stone of a Catholic church was laid by Mgr. Brunoni, among the ruins of the ancient city of Chalcodon. This city is famous for the part it played in ancient times,

and also as the place where a Council was held in 451.

The Empress Eugénie has sent a splendid copy of the Life of Christ to Sister d'Erme-mont, Directress of the school for poor girls, at Baqueville, near Rouen, as a reward for her zeal in managing that establishment.

The funeral of the late Mgr. Mioland, Cardinal Archbishop of Toulouse, took place in that city lately with pomp. It was attended by the Cardinal Archbishop of Bordeaux, the Archbishop of Albi, the Bishop of Montauban, the Mitred Abbot of La Trappe, General Carrelet, commanding the division, and the officers of the garrison, the judicial and civil authorities, the clergy, deputations of the religious congregations, and a vast crowd of the population.

#### Two Scenes in the Life of Cortez.

It is a great day of pomp and rejoicing in the Capital of the grandees of Spain. All the magnificence and regal splendor of Charles V are displayed to the wondering eyes of the world, dazzled by the glory and magnificence of his reign. He rules wisely over, at this time, the most magnanimous nation of the earth. All Europe, bewildered by the fame of his feats in arms, stands in awe of his genius and greatness, and has humbled her neck to his imperial sway. His name is carried by his subjects to the farthest extremities of the earth, and his invincible warriors, zealous in their Sovereign's cause, are conquering for him regions heretofore unknown, of unknown extent—lands flowing with milk and honey. It is a day of jubilee in Madrid; its castles and palaces glitter in the rays of the southern sun, and gay nobles, decked in courtly robes, throng the halls of the royal residence. To-day Hernando Cortez, the bravest of the Spanish chieftains, is to receive from the Emperor's hand the title of Viceroy of Mexico. He is the idol of the court and the people; with a handful of brave, hardy soldiers alone he has conquered realms teeming with mines of gold and silver; with a few fearless warriors he has routed countless armies; and, undaunted by dangers almost insurmountable, he has forced the Monarch of Mexico to pay homage to the Monarch of Spain. Europe is filled with tales of his wonderful valor; he has shed a halo of glory around the reign of Charles, and added the richest jewel to the coronet which decks the brow of the ruler of Spain. A vast and brilliant cortege wends its way to the palace amidst the shouts of thousands and the thundering of artillery. In the midst of the procession, riding upon a white charger richly caparisoned, appears the conqueror of the Montezumas. His brow, uncovered, bears upon it the impress of royalty; his open and ingenuous countenance shows a soul that scorns the least dishonor; and as the shouts of triumph—the plaudits of his enraptured countrymen—break upon his ear, a smile of hidden meaning plays for a moment around his lips, for he scorns those empty honors paid to heroes by admiring crowds. He remembers that those same people welcomed the triumphal entry of Columbus, and showed their approbation and joy as great as they do now, and that in a few years afterwards the discoverer of a new world languished for months in the same people's prison.

Hernando is kneeling at the feet of the Spanish Monarch, and receives from his hands the emblems of Viceroyalty. He has now reached the zenith of his glory. A banquet follows, and the vain pomp of kings is over. Cortez joins his true and hardy band of chieftains, and over the Atlantic wave to the golden halls of Mexico onward skims his bark, and in a few months, in the marble palaces of the Montezumas, the Viceroy begins his sway.

A year rolls quickly by; strange rumors fill Madrid; some venomous tongue has spread foul aspersions on the fair fame of Cortez, some envious flatterer has distilled into the ear of the monarch a tale injurious to the subject. Hernando is recalled to answer certain charges of fraud and cruelty alleged against him. With the rapidity with which all his actions have been performed, he, with a few of his brave companions, unarmed, kneels at the throne of the Emperor, and with all the nobleness of his soul he repels entirely the false and slanderous charges which have dimmed for a moment the luster of his fame. The Court is satisfied and the curious courtiers are forced to be silent. Back to Mexico the bark of the conqueror again skims gaily o'er the wave; and once more he meets

his loved band of warriors and greets with his presence their festive board.

Time flies quickly on—two years have glided away into the vast ocean of the past, and we find ourselves once more in the Spanish Capital. Things have not changed since last we saw them. A festival is being celebrated by the subjects of Charles; garlands, and wreaths, and gay festoons deck the altars, and joy holds supreme her happy sway. Trumpets sound; sweet music charms the soul; glad shouts break upon the ear. The carriages of the nobles rattle through the streets; a trumpet blast is heard, and the welcome news spreads round that the Emperor rides out in his chariot to-day. All rush to catch a glimpse of their much-loved Sovereign—to share in his smile, and in his presence wave their hats to show him their joy. The carriage of the Emperor comes; surrounded by his glittering guards the Emperor sits calm, and smiles at the homage his loving subjects pay. Suddenly a man of a strong but careworn appearance—his dark hair tinged with grey, his eye still flashing with all the fire of youth, with a tall, manly and noble form—rushes through the crowd, and seizing with his sinewy arm the head of the Emperor, cries out, "Hear me, Charles, hear my petition and scorn me no longer." The Emperor starts back; asks the stranger who he is. "I am," he replies, "the man who gave more provinces to your Majesty than you inherited towns from your ancestors." Charles, with a look of disdain, orders his attendants to drive on; and Hernando Cortez, upon whose brow a few years before Spain lavished her praises, whose transcendent merit, whose incomparable valor, whose deeds unparalleled in the historic page, whose extraordinary exploits caused me to doubt but that they are the offspring of imagination—Hernando Cortez, the former Viceroy of Mexico's golden halls—robbed of his dignities, scorned by those who were wont to kiss in low obedience his hand, baffled in all his hopes—turns his steps to a little town near Seville, and, broken-hearted, his noble soul burst asunder forever the chains that bound his God-like spirit to the dungeon of earth. Oh, Fortune, how fickle thou art? And what crime is baser, blacker, than ingratitude?

J. J. D.

**HIPPOPOTAMO-INFANTICIDE AT THE JARDIN DES PLANTES.**—Notwithstanding all the preparations which had been made, the hippopotamus born a few days since died the night before last. The birth took place in the water. The female, by her movements, signified a desire to go into the basin, and the moment the door was open she plunged in, and immediately after she was delivered under water, and the little one instantly came to the surface and began to swim about. On the former occasion the female hippopotamus repulsed her offspring, would never let it suck or come near her, and in pushing it away violently, inflicted a wound which caused its death. This time everything appeared to be going on more favorably. The mother gave nourishment to the young one and allowed it to lie on her back and neck, according to the habit of those aquatic animals. She also remained constantly in the water, instead of, as usual, frequently leaving it. For the space of about forty-three hours the two animals never quitted the water. The day before yesterday the little one began to walk in and out of the basin. It fed well and was visibly growing. During the night, however, the mother was seized with a sudden fit of rage and attacked it. "It is an extraordinary fact," says M. L. G. St. Hilaire, "that the females of these mammiferous animals abandon their young, ill-treated and even devour them. But it is almost without example that when the mother has adopted the young one and given it suck, it should do so. It is true, however, that there is no animal more irascible and brutal than the hippopotamus." The event having occurred under water and in the night, the keeper was not able to give a full account of what took place, but the results are but too clear. The mother must have seized the young one by the stomach in her formidable jaws, as five deep marks of her teeth are visible and she must also have attacked it with her trunk, which pierced the left breast into the lungs. Two young ones having been already brought forth since the animals have been at the Jardin des Plantes, hopes are entertained that in fourteen months more there may be a third, and as it is now evident that the mother cannot be depended upon to nourish her offspring, care will be taken to immediately remove the offspring and bring it up by artificial means.

[Galleguasi.]



## INSTRUCTION.

## ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY FOR YOUNG LADIES.

**SUSQUEHANNA CO. PA.**  
This Institution, which is under the direction of the Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, is situated within a short distance of St. Joseph's College above named, and, together with excellent salubrity and superior beauty of location, it possesses all the advantages which recommend such institutions to the patronage of the Catholic public.

The strictest attention is paid to mould the manners and principles of young ladies upon a polite Christian basis, and to inculcate habits of order, neatness and industry.

The annual session of studies commences on the first Monday of September and ends on the first Wednesday of July. The terms for board and tuition are \$100 per annum, payable invariably half yearly in advance.

The course of instruction embraces the English, French and Latin Languages, Reading, Writing, Grammar, Geography, Astronomy, the use of Maps and Globes, Composition, Rhetoric, Chemistry and Botany, Sacred and Profane History, Religious Instruction, Sewing, Marking, Shell and Chemise Work, Music, Vocal and Instrumental, &c. &c.

French, Latin and Music will form extra-charges; also stationery, books, postage and doctor's fees. No deduction will be made to any pupil leaving the Academy before the expiration of the term, except in case of sickness.

In connection with the Academy is a department wherein children and adults are prepared for the reception of the Sacraments on the moderate terms.

For further information, apply to Mother M. MAGDALEN, St. Joseph's Academy, Susquehanna Co., Pa. 427 3m

## ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE.

**SUSQUEHANNA COUNTY, PA.**

This Institution is exclusively Catholic; therefore studies will be carefully selected, so that students be trained in the practice of their religion. It is equidistant from New York and Philadelphia, accessible from the former by the Erie and Delaware, and from the latter by the Beville, Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad. The location of the College is on high ground, which commands an extensive view of the surrounding country—a beautiful and picturesque scenery; and the immediate vicinity is interspersed with lakes which afford delightful and healthy exercise by skating in winter and fishing in summer.

The healthfulness of the locality is unsurpassed, if not unequalled by any portion of the State. This, added to the seclusion of the place—removed, as it is, from those haunts which invite unwary youth to sin and ruin—the strict vigilance with which the moral and general department of students are guarded, the attention paid to their comfort and personal habits, the firm yet mild and paternal manner by which the observance of established rules is enforced, and the moderate terms for which education is imparted, should strongly recommend St. Joseph's to parents who wish to give their children a solid Christian education.

A sufficient number of competent teachers is engaged, and whose strict surveillance students are at all times—in the play as well as in the class and study rooms.

The annual session of studies commences on the first Wednesday of September and ends on the 8th of July. The terms for board and tuition, including the Commercial, Classic and Scientific courses, are \$116 per annum, payable half yearly in advance. Books, stationery, postage, clothes, and, in case of sickness, doctor's fees, vocal and instrumental music, also the modern languages, will form extra charges.

No deduction will be made to any pupil who withdraws before the expiration of the term, except in case of sickness.

All letters and communications should be addressed to Rev. H. MONAHAN.

St. Joseph's College, Susquehanna Co., Pa. V. EBY, J. V. O'REILLY, V. G., President.

H. MONAHAN, Vice-President.

## GEOGETOWN COLLEGE.

**GEOGETOWN, D. C.**

The Academic Year at this Institution commences on the first Monday of September, and ends about the middle of July.

EXPENSES.

The expenses for the Scholastic Year, for Tuition, Board, Lodging, Washing and Mending, are \$200.00 (\$100.00 invariably in advance.)

Medical aid and Medicines..... 5 00  
For Day Boarders..... 125 00  
For Day Scholars..... 50 00  
Use of Philosophical and Astronomical instruments..... 5 00  
Graduation Fees..... 5 00

For those students who may spend the winter at the College, an extra charge will be made of \$20.00

All accounts must be paid in full in advance. Students may enter at any time during the Session.

Should a student leave before the expiration of a quarter of instruction, he must be made, except in cases of sickness or dismissal.

a22t 3m JOHN EARLY, S. J., President.

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## INSTRUCTION.

## MOUNT ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.

**EMMITTSBURG, MD.**  
The Annual Session of Studies at this Institution begins on the 24th of August.

Terms, \$200 per annum, payable half yearly in advance.

Rev. JOHN McCAFFREY, D. D., President,  
Professor of Rhetoric and Latin.

Rev. JOHN McCLOSKEY, A. M.,  
Vice-President and Treasurer, Professor of Greek.

Rev. WM. McCLOSKEY, A. M.,  
Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy.

Rev. HENRY S. McMEURIE, A. M.,  
Professor of Dogmatic Theology, Moral Philosophy and

Rev. JOHN B. BYRNE, A. M.,  
Professor of History.

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Professor of English Literature.

AVOUSTIN V. M. WICK,  
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JOHN G. HEFFERNAN, A. M.,  
Professor of French and Latin.

JAMES E. MCINTYRE, A. M.,  
Instructor in Greek and Latin.

HENRY FIELMAN, Mus. Doc.,  
Professor of Music.

JAMES D. HICKCY,  
Professor of Drawing.

In addition to the above there is a numerous corps of instructors in the various branches of study.

a22t JOHN McCAFFREY, D. D., President.

## ST. VINCENT'S COLLEGE.

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rolling emence, commanding a view of the Central Railroad, which passes through its extensive grounds, and of the surrounding country.

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Greek, Latin, Hebrew, German and French form no extra charges.

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## ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S COLLEGE.

**ST. FRANCIS XAVIER, N. Y.**

Classes will be resumed in this Institution on MONDAY, Sept. 5.

MICHAEL DRISCOLL, S. J.,  
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Board and Tuition per annum, including Stationery, Doctor's Fees, &c., \$100.

Music, Drawing, Painting and the Languages form extra charges.

a22t 1f 1f

## ACADEMY OF THE HOLY CROSS.

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whole or any part of the amount of Four Hundred and  
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The proposals will state the amount of stock desired, and the price per share, and the amount of the proposed loan required to deposit with the

Chamberlain of the City, within five days after the opening of the bids, one half of the sum awarded to them respectively, including the premium on the same, and the other half of the same, he will require to be paid to the Chamberlain on the 10th day of November next. On presenting the receipts of the Chamberlain for such payments to the Comptroller, bidders shall be entitled to receive the same, or equivalent value of the same value of the stock, bearing interest from the dates of such deposit.

Each proposition should be sealed up and indorsed, "Proposals for Central Park Improvement and Stock," and the same to be sealed and indorsed put in second envelope, sealed, and addressed to the Comptroller.

The right is reserved on the part of the Comptroller to reject any or all of the bids, if considered necessary to protect or promote the interests of the city.



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